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JULY 12, 1982 \$3.50

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MILOSOVIC: A TELECOMER IN LIEU OF A TOASTER

Once, during SI's early days, one of our writers was filing a story from a remote area of the Southwest where the Western Union operator also owned the local service station. Whenever a car pulled in for gas, the operator would leave his keyboard and head for the pump while our man ground his teeth in frustration. And there was the writer covering a Saturday night basketball game at a college in a rural area who was told by the local operator that he'd be available to send the story to our New York offices on Sunday morning—as soon as he was finished milking his cows.

Times have changed. No longer can writers claim that Western Union has delayed their stories because of unmilked cows, or that an inattentive operator has omitted some of their best lines. Today SI uses telecopiers (briefcase-size devices that can send written copy over telephone lines) and even faster electronic equipment that not only transmit stories in minutes but also deliver them virtually error-free. At our end, in New York, editors and reporters rely on telecopiers as they send out streams of queries, instructions and requests to hundreds of correspondents around the country, as well as cabling the Time-Life News Service bureaus around the world.

At the nerve center of this flood of two-way electronic communication is Eleanore Milosovic, a self-effacing, highly but quietly competent woman,

who is also a charter member of the SI staff. She has been running our news bureau for nearly 12 years, during which time our wire traffic has tripled in volume, just as the world of sport has burgeoned. In addition to the array of telecopiers that her assistants operate in the office, Milosovic—always on the job—has a copier in the kitchen of her Manhattan apartment, plugged in where you'd expect a toaster, to handle evening and some weekend (Tuesday-Wednesday at SI) traffic. Since 1954, she has hired and/or worked with every one of our Special Correspondents—from Frank Gerjevic in Anchorage to Martie Zad in Washington, D.C. She also has a remarkable memory for each correspondent's area of expertise and his eccentricities, as well as his daily schedule. (Reaching someone in Kansas by phone on Monday afternoon is a lot easier if you know that's when he'll be enduring root-canal work.)

It's at Milosovic's desk, too, that many a new SI staffer has learned—or endured—his or her first lesson in practical journalism. Not to beat around the bush, Eleanore has been known to get testy when a newcomer hands her a poorly conceived or written message to be processed. Staffers quickly discover that when you're wiring a busy correspondent, it's mighty helpful to think logically and use language with economy and clarity.

In an overworked world, Milosovic is a perfectionist, a trait she probably acquired from her mother, who at 90 still turns over the soil in her garden in New City, N.Y. by hand because she doesn't like the way the Rototiller does the job. Helen Milosovic also makes the best pork sausage the palate of man ever has savored, and is currently experimenting with fresh cherries, sugar and gin to produce an interesting new drink. Small wonder New City is where you can often find Eleanore on a Tuesday afternoon.

*Philip D. Harbert*

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## BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

**EIGHT YEARS ISN'T ENOUGH BETWEEN  
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF BILLIE JEAN**

Billie Jean King, 38, has now written two autobiographies. This seems a bit excessive, not to say redundant, when you consider that Benjamin Disraeli and Franklin Roosevelt didn't write any; Joe DiMaggio, Bella Abzug and Margaret Thatcher haven't yet and may not; and a number of other people with interesting things to say, like Abe Lincoln and Winston Churchill, contented themselves with just one.

Ms. King has also complicated matters for potential readers by titling both her autobiographies *Billie Jean* by Billie Jean King. The first was written with Kim Chapin and published by Harper and Row to sell for \$6.95, and the second was written with Frank Deford and published by Viking to sell for \$13.95. The first came out soon after Ms. King's highly publicized tennis match with Bobby Riggs—which seemed like a smart publishing idea—and the second capitalizes on the publicity attending the exposure of Ms. King's sexual relationship, nearly a decade ago, with her former hairdresser, Marilyn Barnett. No other reason for the book than this can be given much credence. Indeed, Ms. King devotes the first 40-odd pages of the new book to a discussion of the Barnett affair, and references to it are scattered through the remainder. There is, of course, a certain amount of updating of *Autobiography No. 1*, but it surpasses rational belief that without Barnett any or all of this would have justified, eight years later, *Autobiography No. 2*.

It's a waste of time, therefore, to review No. 2 by discussing Ms. King's blustering remarks about her favorite male chauvinist pig, Jack Kramer, or her description of her childhood in Southern California, or even her forthright opinions on women's rights which, to her credit, haven't changed and, undoubtedly, never will—though her reluctance to endorse the Equal Rights Amendment is a puzzle. The reasons she gives for this are ridiculous; they add up to the old chestnut that "you can't legislate human nature," an idea whose time comes



whenever bigots are desperate for excuses to block action on human rights.

What remains of substance in No. 2, then, is Ms. King's lengthy account of the Barnett affair, which poses a problem for a reviewer who feels, as Ms. King repeatedly says she does, that such highly personal matters are nobody's business but that of the people involved. The book itself proclaims that the Barnett affair was "insignificant" and "inconsequential" and has been "overpublicized." So why is Billie Jean King trying to publicize it some more? Why, months after the King-Barnett trial was concluded, is she trying to bring it to everyone's attention again?

One reason for this is that, like many another champion athlete, Ms. King has an ego as big as the Ritz. It surely has contributed hugely to her brilliant achievements as a tennis player, and it also contributed hugely to her decision to reopen the Barnett affair.

Ms. King says she first heard that Barnett had sued her—"like a bolt out of the blue"—in May 1981, when she was playing in a tournament in Orlando, Fla. She took the first plane to New York, "holed up" in her apartment there, discussed the crisis with her husband and others and decided what she would do: She would "go public." As she put it to them, and exhorts us in the book, "I'm a person who takes risks. And the only way I can deal with this is to be aggressive and stand up . . ."

It's difficult to understand what all this means, aside from its being a fine Aesop closing speech. Ms. King had no choice in the matter. The affair with Barnett had begun nine years earlier, in May 1972, and lasted until after the Riggs match in September 1973, when, as Ms. King says, she "... told Marilyn that I really didn't need her as a constant traveling companion any longer. . . . Both the physical and romantic aspects of our relationship had cooled considerably." Nevertheless, whatever the relationship, it continued for many more years, until all of Ms. King's associates and her husband knew of it and were engaged in parrying Barnett's threats to sue, to release some letters of Ms. King to the press, to tell all. There was no decision for Ms. King to make about going public and taking risks. The decision had been made, and it was hardly a bolt from the blue.

Ms. King's great fear is that now she will be "labeled" and "categorized" as a lesbian and that this will severely damage

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#### BOOKTALK continued

women's tennis; indeed, that it might bring crashing down the whole edifice she labored so hard to erect. She also laments that the disclosure took place when it did, "when I was finishing as a player. Now . . . there is no way I can get back in the news for winning something on the tennis court which could send the Marilyn episode back to oblivion."

It isn't possible that both these contradictory notions could be valid. A stigma that can be erased by victory in a few tennis matches hardly has the potency to destroy the sport of women's tennis. In fact, neither notion is valid; women's tennis continues to prosper mightily and Billie Jean's fear that when people hear her name "they will think of scandal before championships" is also unwarranted. She has fashioned a remarkable record both as player and advocate of her sport, and cannot fail to be remembered, first and foremost, for that.

Too many other theses presented in the book are equally inconsistent, illogical and irritating. Through page after page, Ms. King repeats her admirable refusal to be "labeled" and "categorized," and her distaste for putting people in classes and niches. Unfortunately, she is one of the quickest draws in the West at pulling out and slapping on her own labels. "Older American men" are the world's worst chauvinists; "I'd always heard that all the lesbians were in the fashion world—right!"; black men are less prejudiced against female athletes than white men, but Arthur Ashe is a chauvinist pig and so is his best friend, Donald Dell. The labels go on and on until, in one massive swoop, she slaps one on a whole nation of people—the trouble with the British, she suggests, is that they don't have a winning attitude. . . . "They don't like winners at all. . . . What the British like is r/u's—runner-ups."

Ms. King has also applied her mind to the interesting question of why the world is blessed these days with so many superb black athletes. All the social and physical scientists who have been working in this area for years can now relax and move on to lesser problems. Ms. King's analysis: White male athletes marry cheerleaders; black male athletes marry black female athletes. The white children from these marriages have athletic genes on only one side; the black children have athletic genes from both sides.

Who knows what wonders await us in Autobiography No. 3?

END

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# RALEIGH LIGHTS

## INDIGNATION OVER WESTWAY

Although its defenders don't always care to admit it, damage to the environment can sometimes be justified by economic necessity. This can be determined, however, only if both the environmental and economic stakes of a given project—oil exploration, plant expansion, harbor dredging—are fully spelled out. Thus, federal agencies are legally required to prepare environmental impact statements before undertaking actions that could significantly affect the environment. For its part, the Reagan Administration has pushed for wider use of so-called cost-benefit analyses for purposes of assessing the economic toll exacted by environmental protection regulations. For any such exercise to be of value, though, the responsible authorities have to make an honest and conscientious effort to weigh a project's environmental and economic effects.

That effort has been dismally lacking in the case of Westway, a highway cum real estate development along the Hudson River on Manhattan's West Side that could cost as much as \$4 billion in public funds and is backed by President Reagan, New York Governor Hugh Carey, New York City Mayor Ed Koch and the local construction industry and trade unions. Last week, Westway's powerful backers were dealt a setback when U.S. District Court Judge Thomas P. Griesa, ruling on a suit brought by environmental, civic and neighborhood groups, blocked federal funds for the undertaking and scathingly accused state and federal agencies of deliberately covering up the potential impact on a valuable striped bass habitat of one critical part of the Westway development, a 234-acre landfill in the Hudson. Unless overturned on appeal, the ruling means that Westway, as originally planned, is dead.

Griesa said that the question of Westway's likely impact on the fishery was "hardly a peripheral matter." The striped bass, the most glamorous game fish on the northeastern coast, is the basis of a \$100 million-a-year recreational industry, yet its population has declined so severely that Congress has enacted emergency legislation specifically to study the

problem. In December 1980, the National Marine Fisheries Service noted that "a substantial portion" of the Hudson River's juvenile striped bass population spends the winter in the landfill area, which is a significant finding in view of the fact that the Hudson makes a major contribution to the total Atlantic stock of the species.

But as Griesa indignantly concluded, the Federal Highway Administration and the New York State Department of Transportation, the two government agencies chiefly responsible for Westway, seriously misrepresented the landfill area's importance as a striped bass habitat. The misrepresentation began with a 1977 environmental impact statement declaring that the area of the Hudson in question was "biologically impoverished" and continued with the willful manipulation of subsequent data showing that the landfill is, in fact, an important wintertime habitat for juvenile striped bass and other species. One report on the new data concluded simply that "for the striped bass population, the project area appears to represent one of many available habitats," a circumlocution that prompted Griesa, an avid tennis player, to protest during the trial, "That is just about like saying that McEnroe was one of many available tennis players at Forest Hills." At another point, annoyed at inconsistencies and evasions in the testimony of public officials over who among them bore responsibility for the documents in which some of the misrepresentations appeared, Griesa said, "I have sentenced people to prison for securities fraud where the conduct was less blatant than the drafting of those instruments."

It would have been one thing if the authorities involved had acknowledged that the landfill area is a valuable striped bass habitat but had argued that Westway is even more valuable; the political battle over Westway would then have intensified, and the issue would have been properly debated on its merits. Instead, Westway's governmental proponents chose to practice bald deception. That deception constituted a serious breach of public trust. The fact that those public of-

ficials resorted to it also suggests that the case for proceeding with Westway, when weighed against the possibly irreplaceable fishery the project would destroy, may not be that strong.

## A SEVERE CASE OF SCRUPLES

A story ran in *The Kansas City Times* the other day about a football player named Mike Miller who appears to be a most unusual young man. It's not just that Miller was the star quarterback last season at Southwest Texas State and had a 3.9 grade point average on a scale of 4.0, although you'll have to agree that's quite a combination. What sets Miller apart all the more is what he did after at-



tending the recent rookie minicamp of the Kansas City Chiefs, who had selected him on the 12th round of the college draft and thought enough of his chances to make the team, probably as a strong safety, that they offered him a four-figure bonus to sign a contract. All Miller had to do to get the money was sign; if he subsequently told the Chiefs he'd decided not to pursue an NFL career, he could probably have just kept the money—even if he never so much as suited up.

But Miller chose not to sign the proffered contract. Although he said he enjoyed the minicamp and felt he'd been fairly treated by the Chiefs, he told the *Times* that he had a "gut feeling" that he wouldn't enjoy playing in the NFL. He

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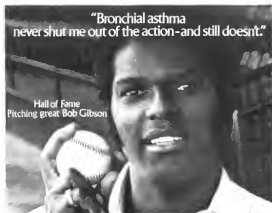


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### SCORECARD continued

also said, "I don't think I could live with myself if I had taken the bonus and then not played. There are too many of that type of people in the world today. It wouldn't have been ethical because I knew I wasn't going to play." Instead of banging heads in the NFL, Miller plans to return to Southwest Texas in the fall to do graduate work in education administration, presumably with a very clear conscience.

### TROUBLE IN SPAIN

Following his team's 1-1 tie with Kuwait in World Cup competition, Czechoslovakian soccer player Jan Berger was so dehydrated that he had to drink a dozen beers before he could provide the necessary urine sample for a random postgame doping test. Scotland's Alan Brazil experienced similar difficulty following his team's 5-2 win over New Zealand. The London *Daily Star* told of his dilemma under this heading: BRAZIL'S WEE SPOT OF NOTHER.

### AN EXPANSION OF OAKLAND'S DOMAIN

It was a stunning development when a jury in a federal antitrust suit in Los Angeles ruled last May that the NFL couldn't prevent the Oakland Raiders from moving to that city. There was another bombshell last week: With the Raiders poised to relocate in L.A., possibly as early as this season, the California Supreme Court ruled that the City of Oakland could conceivably block the move. Unexpectedly upholding an appeal brought by Oakland city officials, the court cleared the way for the city to try to condemn and purchase the Raiders under its power of eminent domain and to operate the team itself or resell it to private parties that would keep the club in Oakland. Eminent domain has traditionally been used by governments to seize real property for use as freeways, parks and urban-renewal projects, but the California high court broke new legal ground in concluding that maintenance of a sports franchise "may well be an appropriate municipal function" and that a city had the right to acquire by eminent domain "any property necessary to carry out that function."

The immediate effect of the decision was to overturn a ruling by a lower-court judge who had dismissed the city's lawsuit against the Raiders and to send the

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SI 7-12-82



case back to that court, where a trial must be held to determine whether the city's acquisition of the team would indeed constitute a suitable "public use." Following such a determination, the city would have to pay "just compensation" for the team. In the meantime, the Raiders presumably could go ahead and move—if they dared risk the possibility that they might be obliged to return to Oakland later. A Raider attorney said the club would ask the U.S. Supreme Court to overturn the ruling, and a state legislator who favors the Raider move last week introduced a bill to retroactively prohibit eminent domain from being used to condemn sports franchises. Although the NFL has consistently opposed the Raiders' move to Los Angeles, league officials refrained from rejoicing over the decision. One possible reason: The California decision could conceivably be a precedent for communities to block franchise shifts approved by the league.

The NFL wasn't alone in wondering about the implications of the decision. In deciding the case, the California court argued that because cities are free to use eminent domain to build stadiums, they logically should be able to invoke the power to keep teams in those stadiums. But Pete Schabarum, chairman of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, said, "Given that kind of reasoning, the Southern California Rapid Transit District can take over an oil company because it has to have fuel to run its buses." San Francisco Giant owner Bob Lurie, who insists he has no plans to move his team but wants a new publicly financed stadium to replace Candlestick Park, said, "What about free enterprise? What if Sears Roebuck wants to close and move to another city? This decision could apply to any field."

Lost in all this, of course, was the fact that last week's decision dealt with a professional sports franchise—nothing more. The court indicated that it was swayed by the fact that the Raiders had not only produced \$30 million in annual economic activity for Oakland but had also given the city a "social, cultural and psychological" identity. In so ruling, the court was establishing the principle that a professional team can be as essential to a city's lifeblood—one that considers itself big league, anyway—as parks and highways. But it's important to note that the Raiders were a successful team supported by their community, which isn't

always the case when franchises seek to move. The warnings of dire consequences were scoffed at by David Self, the former Oakland city manager and attorney who masterminded his city's eminent-domain suit. "The idea that now a city can go out and condemn Sears Roebuck is ridiculous," Self said. "People don't dance in the street when Sears reports a good quarter. Cars don't have bumper stickers saying, GO SEARS."

#### HOW NOT TO GET FAT

The Golden State Warriors were known to covet Arizona State's 6'3" point guard, Lafayette (Fat) Lever, in last week's college draft, but the Warriors, picking 14th, watched helplessly as Lever was taken by Portland, which had the 11th overall choice. But then, Golden State had had trouble connecting with Lever all along, witness the exchange that ensued when *The Phoenix Gazette's* Joe Gilmartin approached Warrior Coach Al Attles on the subject at the NBA's annual awards luncheon last month in Coronado, Calif. Gilmartin struck up the conversation just as Attles was digging into his meal.

"You going to get Fat?" Gilmartin asked.

Attles looked perplexed. "Well, I wasn't planning to eat *that* much," he replied.

#### DEVILS ON ICE

The transplanted Colorado Rockies were renamed last week: They are henceforth the New Jersey Devils. Although the NHL club's new owners were understandably reluctant to allow a franchise now located in East Rutherford, N.J. to retain the name of a mountain range 1,500 miles distant, they failed to appreciate that Devils is an equally inappropriate nickname, and not just because of the religious objections some critics have raised. The name, inspired by a fearsome monster known as Leeds' Devil said to inhabit New Jersey's Pine Barrens, was the choice of nearly one-fourth of the 10,000 entrants in a name-the-team contest, and after combing the dictionary, the team's principal owner, John McMillen, came up with a relatively innocuous definition for devil—"a person of notable energy, recklessness and dashing spirit." But the first meaning for devil listed in Webster's Third is "supreme

spirit of evil and unrighteousness," which is an unfortunate association to be invoking in a league marred in recent years by calculated lawlessness.

#### GEORGE'S BRAIN TRUST

During the many years that his team played winning baseball, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner left the impression that he alone was responsible for the trades, free-agent signings and farm-system rejuvenation that accounted for the club's success. More recently, with the Yankees struggling to reach 500, Steinbrenner, trying to pinpoint the team's problems, has been only too eager to talk about the role of underlings like Executive Vice President Cedric Tallis and Bill Bergesch, the club's vice-president for baseball operations. Of the disappointing play of recently acquired First Baseman John Mayberry, Steinbrenner said, "My people told me to get him, get him, get him. It was unanimous." Of the acquisition of Relief Pitcher Shane Rawley, another Bronx bust, he said, "I didn't know him from Adam, and my people wanted him. I've got the biggest supposed brain trust in baseball and they sit here and I listen to them." Referring at another point to Bergesch, Tallis et al., Steinbrenner said, "Those fellows have to live with what their recommendations to me were. There's going to be some drastic changes. That's not a warning. It's just a matter of fact. I have a record of all the votes. I'm not trying to shift the blame. We're all bad. We've all done very poorly."

It's nice to see George finally sharing the credit.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Grace Dyke, 97, perhaps the oldest Baltimore Oriole fan: "I reckon I am. That's nothing to be proud of."
- Lee Lowenfisch, baseball statistician, on the perception of some people that one has to be a nut to be so wrapped up in earned run averages and slugging percentages: "What they forget is that the nut is a very fine fruit."
- Tony Johnson, Yale crew coach, on the choppy water at the Cincinnati Regatta, which his team won: "In water like that, it's difficult to pick up much ground."
- Paul Householder, Cincinnati Reds outfielder, whose rookie season has been a disappointment: "I'm a household name but not a household word." **END**



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# Jumpin' Jimmyny

After an eight-year hiatus, Jimmy Connors leapt to the fore with a five-set defeat of John McEnroe in the title match at Wimbledon **by FRANK DEFORD**

**T**his year's Wimbledon was conspicuously wet and flat, like stale beer. Indeed, the only heady moments were provided by the reemergence of Billie Jean King, the powerful talents of Martina Navratilova and the courage of Jimmy Connors. These qualities in the latter two have long been recognized, but perhaps never so nicely showcased. Oh yes, one other item to call to your attention:

## NOTICE

THE COMMITTEE OF THE ALL ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB ANNOUNCE THAT MR. J.P. McENROE HAS BEEN ELECTED AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE CLUB

Alas for Mr. McEnroe, he had at last earned acceptance to the club, even as he lost its championship 3-6, 6-3, 6-7, 7-6, 6-4 to Connors, falling in a match that was close enough to satisfy the pit-bull spirit Connors evokes—"It was kill or be killed out there," he said—but, as art, was little more than an extended tragedy of errors. In the end, although they both

*continued*





won the same number of points, 173, Jimbo proved to be more the survivor, so he carried off his first Grand Slam title in four years and his first Wimbledon championship in eight. His was the longest gap between titles except for Bill Tilden's nine years, 1921 to '30.

We tend to forget how despoised a scoundrel James Scott Connors, Patti's husband, Brett's father, was at Wimbledon before the world had ever heard of McEnroe, and if in some ways Connors remains a golden oldie—his floppy-haired boyishness, the little old round metal racket—he's more mature now. The Ike Nastase influence has faded, the sophomoric vulgarity is gone. Apart from one vintage crotch grab in the final, Connors was the very model of civility, and it's difficult not to admire all the enthusiasm and honesty he brings to the game. "To go out there and play your guts out and have a rapport with the crowd, that's what it's all about," he said one day last week. And as if to prove it, in the fourth round against Paul McNamee, Jimbo took off on a dead run, diagonally across Court 1, missed scooping up a drop shot, jumped over a changeroom chair, still at full tilt, kept going until he popped into the first row, handed his racket to a befuddled woman and bade her take his place on court.

As a stylist, Connors also has grown, coming up with a new serve that carries him forward into position to rush the net. For years, critics said that he had to develop a better serve to take pressure off his enervating baseline game. Indeed, the new Connors serve-and-volley style was evident in his early-round matches. Then on Monday of the second week, he met a qualifier named Drew Gitlin, No. 185 in the world, a bundy-legged, curly-haired little fellow from Encino, Calif. Gitlin carried Connors to four hard, long sets and into the gloaming in a match that was far superior to the final. Gitlin is what the other players call a "puddler," someone who can chip shots just over the net, forcing the bold volleyer to bend low and search for them as if they had plopped into some puddle. After Gitlin gave Connors so much unexpected difficulty, Connors quietly retreated to the baseline for his next three matches,

not breaking camp there until he faced McEnroe.

Once the object of every tabloid's rapt attention, Connors was a wispy E.T. in London, materializing for his matches and then fading back to his hotel, where he remained cloistered with his wife, 2-year-old son and brother. The public's focus has shifted almost exclusively to McEnroe, and indeed, his defeat may be quite a blow to the British entertainment

industry. First there was a West End revue entitled *Nor in Front of the Audience*, in which an actor made up to look like McEnroe starts screaming from a box, complaining to an actor playing McEnroe's father that he has a bad seat. Meanwhile, an actress portraying McEnroe's mother displays desperate mortification. Then, a popular television program, *Nor the Nine O'Clock News*, carried a skit in which the McEnroe fam-



Connors' serve-and-volley style served him well—except when playing the "puddler."



The subject of skit and song, McEnroe had difficulty finding any rhythm in the finale.

and were in their finest condition in ages.

None of the above, however, improved the gentlemen's final. When McEnroe won the first set, he appeared to be in control. But he would only break Connors twice more in the match, and on both occasions Connors really gave away his service. Indeed, after the opening set McEnroe had nothing to recommend him except his serve, which often was wonderfully consistent—and as his 19 aces (to Connors' none) showed, devastatingly powerful—even as the rest of his game withered. "This is a joke!" McEnroe hollered at one juncture, displaying an accuracy of thought, if not stroke.

Connors got back into the match by winning the second set, but he squandered a lead in the third and ultimately lost the set in a tiebreaker (7-2). It was surprising that either player won this set, so lackluster was the play during it. One classic game of 12 points featured one winner and 11 errors. When Connors served for the set at 5-4, McEnroe broke him by making only two errors to Connors' four, two of which were double faults. Connors would finish the match with 13 doubles (to McEnroe's 10), an inordinately high number, even for a man with a new serve.

Play did begin to pick up some in the fourth set. Connors sporadically reverted to his pre-Giltin schemes and played some serve-and-volley. There was no pattern to what he did. Sometimes he would stay back on his first serve, and then he'd bolt in after his second. Whatever, he won a high percentage of points whenever he took the net, and ultimately, over four hours and 14 minutes, Connors, the counterpuncher, attacked better than McEnroe, the charger, received.

The trouble is that, though McEnroe vs. Connors would appear to make the ideal confrontation, their strengths tend to mess up each other's rhythms; they almost never play good matches against each other, let alone pretty ones. In this final, there were only a few sustained moments, most notably the fourth-set tiebreaker, which Connors won 7-5, and parts of the fifth set, when both players finally approached their capabilities.

At 1-1 in the last set, McEnroe had a disastrous service game in which he dou-

*continued*

ily was portrayed having breakfast. The sketch concluded with John smashing his egg away with his racket. Finally, there appeared a rock record, *Chalk Dust—The Umpire Strikes Back*, featuring singing by someone identified only as The Brat and dialogue set to music between an unnamed umpire and a player. Selected lyrics:

*Player:* Everyone can see there was chalk dust.

The ball was in by a mile.

You people here are goddamn senile....

*Umpire:* Play on. You're being rather naughty. Kindly play on....

*Player:* I want to see my daddy. There was chalk dust....

*Umpire:* Boring...I'm sorry about this. You're a tedious little brat. I'm sick of you.

Then the umpire shoots the player.

Of course, as the honorary membership attests, all of this has become passé. Except for drawing some minor reprimands, McEnroe checked his bad behavior at the Lost Luggage tent. For its part, the All England made sincere attempts to be more solicitous toward its athletic minors. As for the courts, a source of great ire in recent Fortnights, they were tended by a new groundsman

ble-faulted and played two loose volleys before Connors broke with a blistering backhand return down the line. Thereafter Connors stayed ahead with some exceptionally fine serving. Indeed, he never faced a break point. "He won fair

good winner, even if neither was a terrific player this day. The final shot, anyway, was a winner on the line. Chalk dust.

Navratilova, who defeated Chris Evert Lloyd 6-1, 3-6, 6-2 in the ladies final, was a much bigger winner than Connors.



Unlike in other finals recently, Navratilova rose to the occasion during Wimbledon.

and square, and I'm happy for that," McEnroe said afterward. And Connors said, "I like playing John because I know what he's going to give me, and he knows what I'm going to give him." So, McEnroe was a good loser, and Connors was a

She now has won 54 of 55 matches this year, and she's halfway—with the harder half behind her—to becoming only the third woman to win the Grand Slam. Mo Connolly and Margaret Court did it in 1953 and '70, respectively. Not only that,

Navratilova is also three quarters of the way to winning another, newly minted Slam known as the Playtex Challenge. What's that? (Sounds of Ed McMahon guffawing on the couch.) It's the winning of four designated tournaments—U.S. Indoors, Family Circle Cup, Wimbledon and U.S. Open—and it's worth \$1 million. For winning the first three, Navratilova received \$500,000. That, plus Wimbledon's \$67,000 first-place check, gave her nearly \$1 million in prize money for 1982, and she's well on her way to winning more money in one year than any athlete in history.

More important was the impressiveness of her Wimbledon victory. The men's field was depleted: among the no-shows were Ivan Lendl (allergic to grass, he says); the noted non-qualifier, Bjorn Borg; and two Argentines who were loath to play on British soil and, especially, British grass. Guillermo Vilas and Jose-Luis Clerc. However, all the best women were enrolled in The Championships. On one thrilling day early in the final week, Evert Lloyd, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, Wendy Turnbull and Sylvia Hanika were all a set down to lower-ranked players, and of the lot, only Evert Lloyd escaped. By contrast, in the men's semis, the overmatched losers, Pam Mayotte and Mark Edmondson, between them could win only 14 games in six sets of tedium.

Navratilova cemented her claim to preeminence with her triumph over Evert Lloyd. No one knew better than Navratilova the meaning of the victory. And no one laughed louder or more joyously than she, when, after the match, back at her rented house a few blocks from the courts, her friends stormed into her bathroom and poured cold champagne all over her as she lay soaking in the tub.

It was different now. When Martina won her first two Wimbledons, in '78 and '79, her life was unsettled, her spirits frayed. "I reached the top, I got there," she says. "Then I was so disillusioned: I thought it had to be such a big deal, and nothing happened."

Navratilova's emotional safari back to glory was guided by her coach, Renee Richards, and her trainer and housemate, Nancy Lieberman, the basketball star, and her victory was efficient in plan, nearly relentless in execution. Yet nothing with Navratilova is ever certain, and



it was a curious final she and Evert Lloyd played, one most resembling the squiggly lines on the chart that reflected the unsettled English weather during the Fortnight. Surely, too, the forecast was all wrong. Navratilova, the archetypal net rusher, dashed through the first set in 22 minutes, but scored often from the backcourt, scampering about, nailing winners on the run. Meanwhile, the ever reliable and confident Evert Lloyd sprayed shots hither and yon and hoped only, as she would say later, "not to be humiliated."

But Navratilova has a tendency to start slugging—which plays right into a baseliner's strength—when she gets ahead. Also, never forget that the greatest myth in tennis is that Evert Lloyd's game isn't suited to grass. This was her 17th Grand Slam tournament on the turf. She had reached the finals in 10 and merely made the semis in the seven others. In the second set her shots began to sting, and she began to take the net herself, pressuring Navratilova's weak backhand. On offense, Navratilova started missing her approaches, and after botching a couple of overheads, she began glancing nervously to the stands, toward where Richards—the erstwhile ophthalmologist was furiously scribbling new strategic prescriptions—and Lieberman sat. By the end of the set, the first one she had lost in the tournament, Navratilova was in disarray. She barely eked out her first service game of the final set and was cleanly broken next time to trail 2-1.

Evert Lloyd had the lead for the first time in the match, and she was also buoyed by another thought, which she later delicately phrased this way: "I thought maybe Martina would crack under pressure." Three times in the past year, in major-championship finals, Navratilova had won the first set in crushing fashion, only to fold like a dollar suitcase. Now she looked back up at Richards and Lieberman for support. Lieberman, often so effusive, only smiled. "That did the trick," said Navratilova afterward. She broke Evert Lloyd right back, at 30, and then held for a 3-2 lead.

However, Evert Lloyd stiffened. She cut 40-15 out of sturdy cloth, and it began to look like a taut, drawn-out fight to the finish. Instead, how strange it would

*continued*

Navratilova, who has two legs on the Grand Slam, has won almost \$1 million this year.



Thanks partly to a ball boy, a bee (circled) didn't sting Evert Lloyd, but Martina did.



#### WIMBLEDON continued

be. How very sudden. "On grass, you must work constantly on keeping your feet moving, because the ball comes off erratically," Evert Lloyd had said only a couple of days earlier. Now, when a ball skidded a bit into her forehand, she was caught flat-footed and she rapped the shot limply into the net: 40-30. The next return from Navratilova was surprisingly soft. Evert Lloyd's feet were still rooted. She rushed only the racket, and the ball drifted off it low into the tramlines. Deuce. Navratilova then made two good forcing shots that Evert Lloyd could barely fuss with, and it was 4-2.

Quickly then, there was a last gasp. Evert Lloyd went up 30-15 on Navratilova's serve, but abruptly Martina began to serve and volley as of yore and won three dashing points: 5-2. The jig was up. Another break at love: game, set, match, championship. Navratilova stretched her arms high in exultation seven minutes after Evert Lloyd had led 3-2, 40-15.

"The more you work for something, the more you want it," said Navratilova later. "The arrogant, cocky person people saw was a distorted image, but I put it up myself for defensive reasons. I'm all right now. I don't need traumas to drive me anymore. I'm settled now. And it'll stay all right, because when you know what it's like, you know what to expect. I'll like it better this time. And I'll be better for it, too." She was dressed now, ready to go out for her victory party, but here was someone still with champagne in her hair.

Before Navratilova and Connors brought this Wimbledon to its proper crescendo, the tournament first had to be rescued from the elements and ennuï by an unlikely savior, 38 in years, 33-1 in odds, the one, the only, Billie Jean King. Dismissed as "the Old Lady" many years and knee operations ago, King ultimately converted enough key third-down situations to progress to the semifinals, the most aged female to get that far at Wimbledon in 62 years.

The difficulties that King had to help the tournament overcome were varied and many. The weather, even by London standards, was abysmal. A wildcat Underground strike, followed by a National Railroad strike, isolated Wimbledon out in the suburbs until Wednesday of the second week. Besides, the World Cup was on the telly most every night.

Last year King was at Wimbledon as a

television commentator. The publicity over her affair with her former secretary, Marilyn Barnett, had staggered her and left her timid and leery of the public. She spoke of her tennis career strictly in the past tense and speculated on what 1982 might bring.

Then, in December, the suit that Barnett had filed against King and her husband, Larry, over ownership of a bench house came to trial. The judge decided in favor of the Kings, but the victory was hollow for Billie Jean. Her reputation had been damaged, and she had lost perhaps \$1.5 million in off-court income. She retreated to a secluded house she and Larry own on Kauai in Hawaii. There she finally found a haven from the machstrom that had been swirling around her for so long. But the refuge wasn't Kauai itself. The refuge was a tennis court on the island. "That was the one place Billie Jean could escape to," says Ilana Kloss, her doubles partner.

Soon King risked going back on the tour. It wasn't easy. There were first- and second-round defeats. In Detroit, she fled the court: default. There were occasions when she was petty or picaresque—bitchy. "Please understand," she said at Wimbledon. "It's been a very hard year for me. I think I'm all right now, but every day I still hold my breath." Then there was Wimbledon. All along, Wimbledon was the goal: "the Old Lady's house," the grass, the instincts, the memories. Her opening match would make her the first player ever to play 100 singles matches at The Championships. By the Fortnight's end she had appeared in a total of 250 in singles and doubles.

King escaped from triple match point against Tanya Harford in the third round, whipped Turnbull, the sixth seed, in the fourth round, and, in the quarters, came from a set down to beat Tracy Austin, 19, the No. 3 player in the world. King threw junk down the middle at Austin, belted serves into the corners, cut volleys and won the big points en route to a 3-6, 6-4, 6-2 victory. The next morning, when she lagged her aching bones out of bed after 10 hours' sleep, her picture was on the front pages of *The Times*, in New York and London alike.

And what delicious irony this was, for there was King on the front page for all the world to see, wearing a "free" dress. After all the bad publicity, King had surely become the only name player in





Aggressive volleying, an upset of the No. 3 seed, Austin (right), and unruffled footwork put King into the semifinals.



the world without a clothing contract. One major manufacturer did approach her, but with an insulting offer, figuring she would wear the company's outfits for almost nothing. She told the clothier to take a hike and kept on wearing the old dresses that her friend, Ted Tinling, had designed for her sometime ago. At Wimbledon she donned the same dress every day—complete with ruffled panties.

At last, in the semis, King came a cropper against Evert Lloyd 7-6, 2-6, 6-3, but it was a meeting of lovely high quality marred only by—what else?—a storm. This one came, cruelly, ludicrously, at 5-2 40-all in the third set, right after Evert Lloyd had hit a backhand service return wide on her first match point. Forty-one minutes and four match points later, Evert Lloyd closed out King with a lob on the baseline. Afterward, coolly, rationally, King explained how it



had all faded: short approaches, a couple of missed overheads, going to the well with drop shots a few times too often.

That evening, though, relaxing in her hotel room with Larry, who had flown over that day to surprise her, she seemed fiery and nettled, "I wasn't honest with the press today," she said. "I didn't tell them how I really felt. I'm dying inside! I should have won. I could have. And that's why I still go on." Anyway, she said, she had learned how, at age 38, to play again. Now she must learn how to win a tournament again.

That was a lesson both Navratilova and Connors would soon show they already had mastered.

# Harvey's Keen On His Over-The-Wall Bangers

Since Harvey Kuenn took over as manager on June 2, Milwaukee has been blasting pitchers and busting fences around the American League

by JIM KAPLAN



Bernie Brewer is mugged after each homer.

**W**ho are these guys? As a team, they play better on the road than at home. One of their power hitters is a shortstop. Another is a 170-pounder with a comic-strip nickname. A third is a balding, bearded fellow who looks as if he's about to fall apart when he stands in at the plate.

Who are these guys? They're the Milwaukee Brewers—a.k.a. Harvey's Wall-bangers, the scourge of the American League East.

Last month the Brewers simply destroyed their division, going 20-7 while hitting 47 home runs, with most of the wins coming against Detroit, Boston, Baltimore and New York, no less. July had started out the same way. At week's end, after winning two of three games from both the saumbling Yankees and the Red Sox, Milwaukee, which had dug itself a deep early-season hole, stood a game behind first-place Boston, with a 44-33 record. "If they keep it up," says Red Sox Pitcher Bruce Hurst, "we might as well just concede the championship and go home."

For opposing pitchers, the word on the Brewers is: Keep it away from them and pray. But that hasn't worked. The Brewers have been homering on outside pitches, off-speed pitches, pitchers' pitches, even waste pitches. A couple of weeks ago Milwaukee Leftfielder Ben Oglivie swung at a pitch that was about to bounce in the batter's box and blasted it over the fence. Asked what he thought when the bullpen phone rang during one

Oglivie has so much muscle packed in his 170 pounds that he's slammed 19 homers.



of last week's games with the Brewers, New York's intimidating Goose Gosage covered his ears with his hands and shouted, "No! No!" Added Gosage, an 11-year veteran, "There isn't a lineup I've ever faced that's better."

To Brewer pitchers, the order of the day is just to throw the ball over the plate and have a few laughs. "When you get down two or three runs early in the game, you don't worry," lefthander Bob McClure said last Friday night after the Brewers overcame a 4-2 deficit to beat the Red Sox 14-5. "I thank the good Lord that He made up the roster that put me on the Brewers."

And that roster is loaded with real sweethearts, who need to be left alone. Under Bob Rodgers, who was accused of overmanaging and poor communication, Milwaukee was a fifth-place team with a 23-24 record. From June 2, when low-key Harvey Kuenn took over, through Sunday, Milwaukee won 21 of 30 and averaged 6.5 runs a game. Hence, Harvey's Wallbangers.

"When Harvey opened his first and only team meeting, he said, 'We're going to go up to the plate, hit the ball in the seats and have some fun,'" says Center-fielder Gorman Thomas. "We were like birds in a cage," says Oglivie. "He opened it and—freedom!"

Kuenn takes about 15 seconds to explain his philosophy, saying, "Stay within yourself, and play sound fundamental baseball. The less you have to worry about, the better you do." For his part, Kuenn acts as if he hasn't a worry in the world—no small feat for a man who has had stomach surgery, a heart bypass operation and a leg amputation below the right knee. "That," says one of his players, "is inspirational."

Of course, the Brewers were expected to play well. This is virtually the same team that had the league's best record last year, won the second-half divisional title, extended the Yankees to the full five games in the mini-playoffs and was widely picked to be the American League's World Series representative in 1982.

They just weren't expected to play this well. At the end of last week, Milwaukee had five home-run hitters in double figures: Thomas (21), Oglivie (19), First Baseman Cecil Cooper (19), Shortstop

Robin Yount (12) and Catcher Ted Simmons (11). Two others, part-time DH Don Money (9) and Third Baseman Paul Molitor (8), were on their way to that plateau. At their present pace of 113 homers in 78 games, the Brewers have a good shot at the season record of 240 set by the 1961 Yankees.

Molitor (298 through Sunday) and Yount (318) are the most productive leadoff and No. 2 hitter combo in baseball. By getting on so often, they're helping the Brewers lead both leagues in runs and runs batted in as well as homers and slugging. Furthermore, on a trip through Milwaukee's Murderers' Maze, you won't find a single player who consciously swings for homers.

*Rockin' Robin*—Yount, 26, is a nine-year veteran who got his 1,000th hit at about as early an age, 24 years, 11 months, as anyone in baseball history. After Sunday he had 1,246. Yount led the majors in 1980 with 49 doubles and 82 extra-base hits, and through last weekend he was among the league's top five in hits (93), total bases (164) and tri-

continued

Thomas is a menace with a bat, but with daughter Kelly he's just another old softy.



Only 26 and already a nine-year vet, Yount is off and running toward his 2,000th hit.



THE BREWERS *continued*

ples (8). Yount has a closed stance and a lumberjack-like line-drive cut, but he has also become a home-run threat the last three seasons by building massive shoulders via Nautilus workouts. "People forget that I'm at the age where I'm bound to mature physically," he says.

**Easy**—The balding, bearded fellow, Cooper, plays baseball as if he were a marionette. His arms hang loosely when he's in the field. At the plate he crouches at the rear inside corner of the batter's box, stance open, right foot toeing forward like a ballet dancer's, bat dangling so freely it almost rests on his back. But this is no lackadaisical player: At the

Cooper's two homers against the Red Sox on Saturday gave him 19 for the season.

week's end Cooper was in contention for the Triple Crown with a .325 average and 64 runs batted in to go with his 19 dingers. It's hard to refute Kuenn's claim that Cooper may be the best all-around hitter in the American League. Over the past three years he was the only player to rank among the top three in average (.328), hits (534) and RBIs (288).

Cooper resents the suggestion that he became an elite hitter by adopting Rod Carew's batting stance. "It's not Rod Carew, it's me," he says. "I have about half a dozen different variations. If a pitcher gets me to ground out on a breaking ball away, I might close the stance next time up. I might change the front foot, come out of the crouch. I try to flow with the game. If there's a man on second and two outs, I'll try to drive him in with a hit. If there are two outs in the bottom of the ninth and we're down a run, I'll take a couple of shots at a homer."

How does a player with a line-drive swing hit so many home runs? "I have strong wrists and forearms," he says. "In the off-season I do curls and fingertip exercises for strength and hang by my arms to increase my flexibility."

A thoughtful man, Cooper coined the term Harvey's Wallbangers and writes a column, "Coop's Corner," for the Brewer fan magazine. "As individuals," he wrote in the June issue, "most professional athletes generally try to leave those thoughts of 'winning is everything' out of their minds when the game begins. . . . It can be extremely difficult to maintain a peak performance constantly with such desperate thoughts clouding the issue." Cooper's a winner because he doesn't press. He's Easy.

**Simba**—So named because he once had a shoulder-length mane, Ted Simmons came to the Brewers last year after batting .298 in 13 years in St. Louis. He proceeded to hit .216. Simmons was booted, which is rare for a hometown player in Milwaukee. He also took his lumps from Rodgers, who knocked Simmons' catching and implied that he and Pitcher Mike Caldwell were "cancers on

the club." Now Simmons has begun to eat away at American League hurlers. They had been jamming him with inside pitches, but Kuenn moved Simmons back from the plate. Through Sunday, Simba had roared back with five homers and 22 RBIs.

**Spidey**—As muscled and sinewy as the webbed wonder, Oglivie, a left-handed hitter, stands almost on top of the plate, furiously wagging his bat, and takes one of baseball's hardest rips. "When Benjie's swinging best, he's almost falling down," says Molitor. "I don't think power is in weight," says Oglivie. "It's in timing and speed. If I get good bat extension and make good contact, with my bat speed there's no way I won't hit it out."

"But I don't want to be known as someone who goes for homers. Do that and you get into bad habits—looking up, hitting pop-ups or slow grounders. In Boston I drove in a run with a double off the leftfield wall against a righthanded pitcher. That gave me a real high—doing what no one expected me to."

"The style is the man. When I'm up there I'm very nervous, moving around. But I'm thinking, 'Wait for the right pitch and adjust to it.' I'll also adjust to my moods. If I've had a bad game the day before, I won't give up an at bat. I'll go for the ball right away. If I've had a good game, I'll be more patient."

**Stormin' Gorman**—Thomas is the only Brewer hitter who looks as if he chews glass. But, like many a mean slugger, he takes a short, compact stroke. "I used to have a golf swing—take it way back, loop it, all kinds of stuff," he says. "I finally got it through my thick head that you don't have to swing hard to hit a homer. With two outs and a man on second, I'll spread out my stance, shorten my swing even more and just try to make contact. I got this way a couple of years ago. I was hitting about .200 at the All-Star break, and I spoke with Harvey, who was our hitting instructor then. He said, 'Why don't you spread out your legs a little and hit the ball at second base?' That's his approach. He doesn't say, 'This is the way it's done.' He makes a suggestion. I got a couple of hits the next game."

Thomas used to be hotheaded, but he showed off his new discipline one night last week in Yankee Stadium. A year earlier, New York Reliever Dave LaRoche had humiliated Thomas by striking him out with his notorious blooper pitch.

*continued*



Since moving back off the plate, Simba has produced the lion's share of his 38 RBIs.

# Here's to the Winners!

Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing to world champion driver Betty Cook and the Michelob Light Offshore racing team. Backed by boat racing's winningest owner, Bernie Little, the Michelob Light is becoming a familiar first at the finish line. She's a pure bred winner from the word "go," just like the beer whose name she bears.

And just as winning is everything to the Michelob Light racing team, taste means everything to Michelob Light beer. So when second place just won't do, compare the rich, smooth taste of Michelob Light to any beer you like.

## Michelob Light



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**America's most successful export.** It's no secret that, in five short years, Prince has changed the size and shape of the civilized tennis world. Here at home, four of America's five top selling rackets bear the name Prince. That includes first and second place. And foreign sales look even better. Prince sales have doubled and tripled in Canada, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Australia, Hong Kong and the Philippines. And they've increased ten fold in England and Japan! Why? Because the sound of a passing shot for match point is the same in Tokyo as it is in Toledo. And the taste of victory is as sweet in Munich as it is in Manhasset. Winning tennis has one common language. And the word for it is Prince.

**prince**  
IN THE BEST POSSIBLE WAY





called LaLob. The frustrated Thomas cracked a batting helmet with his bat. Last week LaRoche threw not one but seven LaLobs to Thomas. Thomas fouled off five, took one for a ball and hit the seventh to left for a single. Safely at first, he stuck his tongue out at the home dug-out, breaking up the Yankees. "I loved the whole thing," Thomas said the next day. "Both dugouts were cracking up and the fans were going crazy. The LaLob's good for baseball." The LaBomb is, too. Thomas won the game with a two-run homer in the 12th.

Five of the first six hitters in Milwaukee's lineup have been starting together since 1978, which happens to have been their first winning season. Not coincidentally, it was also George Bamberger's first year as field manager and Harry Dalton's first as general manager.

"When I got here in November of 1977 there were already some good young players coming out of the farm system, most notably Molitor and Yount," says Dalton. But Dalton made the team considerably better by reacquiring Thomas, who had been traded to Texas, and by picking up Simmons, Starter Pete Vuckovich and Reliever Rollie Fingers in a massive trade with St. Louis before last season. Vuckovich and L.A.'s Fernando Valenzuela have won more games (24) than any pitcher in baseball the past two years, and Fingers, who had 16 saves by week's end, has given the Brewers the bullpen stopper they had always lacked. "It hasn't been just a question of starting players," says Dalton, "but of deepening the club at every position." Like second base, where Ed Romero has ably filled in since June 18 for the injured Jim Gantner.

Dalton's most recent stroke of genius was replacing Rodgers with Kuenn. "I guess I'm cliché-ing the word, but it was a question of chemistry," he says. "I kept waiting for things to turn around, but they never did. You just have to be in the right frame of mind to play."

Overseeing the whole operation is owner Bud Selig, a gabby, excitable man who can sweat so much during a game he'll look as if he has caught nine innings. "We've gotten some talented people, but that's a given," he says. "But back when we were an expansion team we had no character, no purpose. We were aimless. These days we don't have one leader. We have a diversity of styles, and that's

healthy." Selig's no-star system extends to Bernie Brewer, the mascot who slides into a giant beer mug after Milwaukee homers. Bernie isn't one man; he's three rotating groundskeepers.

Despite their talent, diligence and selflessness, the Brewers haven't drawn well in Milwaukee, a community where the work ethic is an organized religion. Going into last weekend's showdown with the Red Sox, the Brewers had averaged 17,800 at home and 22,400 on the road. Explanations vary, from the city's long memory—Milwaukee had a particularly virulent reaction to last year's strike—to miserable weather this spring. There's also the fact that the Brewers had been as dismal at home (15-17) as they had been devastating on the road (27-15). "We're the big bullies on the road," says Thomas. "People boo us and that cranks us up,

and Yount went 5 for 5. "Coop!" the crowd whooped, and organist Frank Charles played *Rockin' Robin* and *Fly, Robin, Fly*.

Milwaukee wasn't to play again until Saturday night, but by 8:15 the next morning hundreds of fans were lined up outside the ticket office. By 5 p.m. traffic was stacked up half a mile outside the stadium, and the smell of broiling bratwurst was wafting through the parking lot. It was *Butt Night*, and 55,716 fans—the largest crowd in Milwaukee history—watched the Brewers move into a tie for first. The game? Strictly routine. Molitor and Cooper homered on 1-2 pitches in the first, Yount added a three-run job in the fourth, Cooper had a 400-foot shot in the sixth and Vuckovich (10-3), who wears unmatched baseball shoes and glares cross-eyed at enemy batters,



Kuenn's team has followed his orders to the letter by hitting homers and having fun.

We get home, they're cheering for us and maybe we try too hard."

If so, last weekend was surely a turnaround. For last Friday night's country-music promo, a crowd of 28,957 showed up at County Stadium, but the fans weren't there merely to hear the Bellamy Brothers sing *If I Said You Had a Beautiful Body Would You Hold It Against Me?* They wanted the road show to come home, and the Brewers didn't disappoint them. Laughing off Boston's early lead, Milwaukee bombed the Sox for 17 hits and won 14-5. Thomas hit two homers, Simmons one and Cooper a grand slam,

switched to a no-windup delivery and set the Red Sox down 7-0 on three singles.

That win put the Brewers in first place, but on Sunday their bats were uncharacteristically silent and they lost both the game 4-1 and the division lead. Thus has the *Ball Four* team—author Jim Bouton pitched for this franchise when it was based in Seattle for a year, 1969—become the latest *Boys of Summer*. It's somehow fitting that former Manager Rodgers has been exiled to a California glue factory (not as horseflesh but as a salesman). The Brewers are off to the (penant) races. END

# The Bare Facts Are He's A Star

Bob Chandler has caught nearly every football thrown him but didn't get noticed until he dropped his clothes by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

The problem, as Oakland Raider Wide Receiver Bob Chandler sees it, was that "I never wanted notoriety for anything other than my playing ability.

That's why I had no notoriety." That was before he appeared pretty much in the altogether in the pages of the January 1982 issue of *Playgirl* magazine. "Strange,

isn't it," says Chandler, "that after 11 years of busting my ass on the football field, I get the most attention for spending eight hours exposing my ass?"

As far as she was concerned, Chandler's wife, Marilyn, didn't care that he'd posed for the picture—what the heck, \$10,000 is \$10,000—but she asked him in genuine amazement, "Why do they want you?" His teammates were laughing so hard it was difficult to practice. They soon began referring to Chandler as The Slut. As for opponents, well, they were beside themselves. When Chandler lined up against Seattle, one of the Seahawks hollered at him, "Hey, Bobby, cute little stance." And for Chandler's mother, Barbara, the problem was "explaining it to my church group."

Anyway, Chandler now has notoriety. Which, ironically, may have the salutary effect of focusing attention not so much on his body—"If they were going to photograph this body, they had to do it fast. It's going downhill rapidly," he says—as on his extraordinary playing ability. As he prepares for his 12th NFL season Chandler is just 30 catches shy of his 400th career reception. From 1975 through 1978, he caught 220 passes for the Buffalo Bills, more than any other receiver in the NFL during that period. After missing almost the entire 1979 season with a separated shoulder, he came back in 1980 to lead the Super Bowl-champion Raiders in receptions with 49, including 10 for TDs, which tied him for second in NFL scoring catches behind then-Charger John Jefferson, who had 13. Last year at age 32 and despite missing most of the first half of the season with a ruptured spleen, he grabbed 26 more passes and had the highest yards-per-catch average, 17.6, of his career.

What's happening is that it's finally occurring to people that Chandler—CELEBRITY NUDE on the cover blurb—is one



Chandler had one of his "Playgirl" photos framed and now has it on the wall at home.

of the top wide receivers in the game. Around the Raiders, Chandler is favorably compared with the legendary Fred Biletnikoff. Says Biletnikoff, "None of the league's other receivers even belong in the class of Bob Chandler. They just play the position, he understands it."

Chandler, a thinking man's pro football player who runs impeccable routes, was sitting in his home in Whittier, Calif. the other day, watching movies of Biletnikoff at work. "Amazing," said Chandler of Biletnikoff's techniques. Chandler has film—seven reels of it—of almost all of the 589 receptions Biletnikoff made from 1965 through 1978, and he marvels at the way Biletnikoff backs up defensive backs, at his steps, at the positioning of his hands.

Fact is, it's a travesty that Chandler has never been selected for the Pro Bowl. He agrees. "It's embarrassing," he says. "But you can't carry your highlight film around with you." His biggest liability is that he spent the first nine of his 11 NFL seasons in Buffalo, 30 miles north of Gowanda and 35 miles northwest of Varysburg. Plus, he not only played in a run-oriented offense dominated by O.J. Simpson but also on a perennially poor team, which led to the suspicion that Chandler was making a lot of meaningless catches late in games in which the Bills were hopelessly behind.

A couple of weeks ago, sitting poolside at Julie's restaurant near the USC campus, his old stomping ground, Chandler considered his plight. "In the total scope of life, I've accomplished nothing," he says. "Except that I have gotten to bide my time and be a kid for a long while. And it's fun being paid a lot of money to be a kid." In his case, around \$225,000 a year, which should help explain his three Mercedes, his Ferrari and why he is anxiously awaiting the arrival of a pair of ostrich-skin cowboy boots. Marilyn, on the other hand, still buys her dresses on sale in basements. "She's cheap to have around," says Bob.

Perhaps Chandler's lack of celebrity stemmed from the fact that little in his appearance or résumé suggests a gridiron hero. At 6'1", 180 pounds, he doesn't even come close to looking like a football player. He's Californian through and through—he's learning to play the saxophone at \$10 a lesson because "it's mellow." Last August, after eight years of

off-season perseverance, he earned his law degree from Western State University College of Law in Fullerton, Calif. "Not long after I started pro football," says Chandler, "I realized this could all end real fast and I'd better be prepared to do something else. I felt a law degree would give me credibility after football. Besides, I noticed that after each season I'd come home and find I'd forgotten how to spell, write and read. Law school reminded me how."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER



Chandler is thoroughly Californian, right down to his team, the Oakland/L.A. Raiders

Moreover, he's a five-handicap golfer, he had a radio show the last two seasons on a San Francisco station and he's enrolled in an acting class in Burbank. "In football," he says, "I've learned to mask my emotions. I try to look the same whether I catch a touchdown pass or drop one. Acting, on the other hand, is being totally uninhibited. What I'm learning is to let my emotions dictate my behavior rather than my mind getting in the way. So next season, when you see me cry after a touchdown, you'll know why." The point is, he's preparing for life after football. "Mostly," he says, "I'm anxious to get into something, like being a sportscaster, where the body can rest."

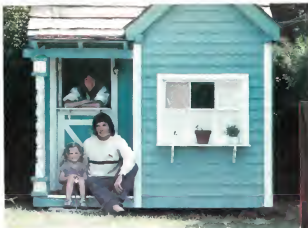
His body will appreciate that. Not

only has he often been hurt, but also Chandler seems to invite injuries. He doesn't wear knee pads or hip pads and only Pop Warner-style shoulder pads. "I resent people dictating what I should wear," he says. "Besides, I do this because I think it enhances my performance. I could be protected like an armadillo, but then I might play like one." No wonder he got sore when a Buffalo coach jugged him at practice because his chin strap was unbuckled; no wonder he loves

the Raiders where no two guys march to the same drummer.

In fact, there's a strong feeling that Oakland doesn't have a drummer. Owner Al Davis relishes the role of renegade for himself and his troops. "Things are always different around here," says Chandler. "One day we're trying to bail a guy out of jail and another day it's something else. Not all of our guys are model citizens, and they couldn't play for the Cowboys or the Eagles. The truth is, a lot of them wouldn't want to. I think 45 individuals create a much truer atmosphere than 45 dress-alikes. Besides, the Raiders are always Darth Vader walking into a stadium, and I love it. Everybody hates the Raiders and thinks we're all creeps."

continued



After football Chandler won't just hang out at the playhouse with Marilyn and Mansa. He's now studying for the bar exam and simultaneously taking saxophone lessons.



#### BOB CHANDLER continued

But I know that we're really good guys."

Yet, Chandler is not so sure about the opposition guys. "I'm an idealist," he says. "I hate to think there isn't compassion among the players in the league. But there are a lot more dirty shots and strong efforts to hurt now than there used to be. Maybe the reason is the intense competition for jobs and the fact that the killer instinct is now taught hard in high school. Intimidation is a big part of pro football, but you can be intimidating and be fair."

No wonder Chandler's main feeling after a game is that he survived. "What I've done," he says, "is bought another week, and management thinks I'm real neat." So do the fans, and Chandler admits that "without their fanaticism, we wouldn't have jobs. There might be healthier things to do than get riled up at a football game, but I'm not making judgments. I just think if I weren't playing I'd rather do something else than watch football on Sunday afternoons."

Above all else, it's a good thing that Chandler isn't encumbered by a foolish pride. Consider, for example, that near the end of the 1979 season when he asked Bills Coach Chuck Knox to trade him, Knox subsequently told him, "Nobody's real excited about trading for you." Oakland Coach Tom Flores expressed some interest but said that because Chandler had been injured he wanted him to try out. Understand that rookies try out, vet-



erans play. Nevertheless, Chandler replied cheerfully, "I can swallow my pride." He tried out. In recounting the deal made before the 1980 season, in which the Bills got Linebacker Phil Villapiano, Chandler says the Raiders wanted him so much that "they first offered an assistant trainer to get me."

In truth, nobody has ever much wanted Bob Chandler. Oh sure, his parents did, and they were proud when he could walk on his hands by age 3 and juggle oranges by age 7. And Marilyn did. She was

a USC song girl who took one look at him on the football field and told a friend, "I'd sure like to go out with him." They now have a daughter, Marisa, 4½.

But when Chandler showed up at Whittier High, Coach Vic Lopez recalls thinking, "What a skinny little kid." Now what does Lopez think? "I look at him and I think, 'What a skinny little kid.'" In high school Chandler was an average quarterback, but Lopez defends him, saying the problem was "I couldn't figure out a way for Bobby to pass and catch the ball." Only two universities were interested in his athletic abilities: BYU and Whittier College. "What nobody understood," says Lopez, "is that Bobby has no pain threshold and a heart bigger than his body."

At the last minute USC found itself with one extra scholarship and Trojan Assistant Coach Rod Humenick (now with the Cleveland Browns) recommended Chandler after seeing him play basketball. "I think he liked the way I knocked down a guy who had just knocked me down," says Chandler. At USC Chandler figured to be a defensive back and just

continued



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This Volkswagen Jetta is often confused with another well-known German car.

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toughest driving challenges Europe has to offer. From Alpine curves with no guard rails to autobahns with no speed limits.

Turn these remarkable cars loose on a really demanding road and they'll both respond: With rambunctious performance. Razor-sharp handling. And a rarely-equalled

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All of which brings up a rather obvious question:

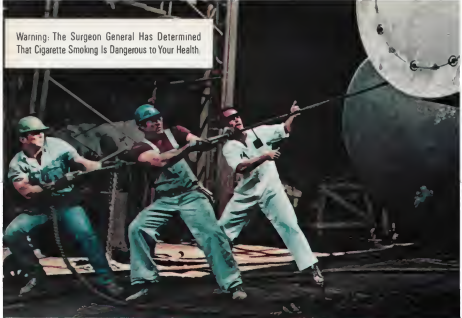
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Well, the fact is that Jetta has a feature that makes it considerably easier to handle.


A considerably smaller price tag.

**Jetta**  
Nothing else is a Volkswagen



A photograph of three construction workers in a dark industrial setting. They are wearing hard hats and safety harnesses, and are pulling on a thick cable or rope. In the background, a large, circular, metallic object is visible.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A close-up photograph of two construction workers wearing hard hats. They are both smiling and looking upwards and to the right. The worker on the left is wearing a green hard hat, and the worker on the right is wearing a red hard hat.

Nobody does it better.

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This is your Winston.  
The only low tar  
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Winston Lights**

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**Winston  
LIGHTS**

**Winston  
LIGHTS**

**100's**

**Canadian is an easy language.  
Just open your mouth and say  
ah... ahh... ahhh!**



**Molson Golden**  
**That's Canadian for great taste**

Proudly brewed and bottled in Canada by North America's oldest brewery, imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1982.



one of the boys in the band. But injuries soon depleted the wide receiver corps, and in his sophomore season Chandler was given a shot. In his first start, against Cal, he caught eight passes for 115 yards and a touchdown. The next year he was named the Rose Bowl's player of the game after catching a 33-yard pass for the only touchdown in USC's 10-3 win over Michigan.

The 1971 pro draft was another lesson in humility. Chandler was sitting with some of his friends when the news came on the radio that "a USC wide receiver was just selected by the 49ers in the third round . . ."

"Great," Chandler said. "I love San Francisco."

The announcer continued, "... Sam Dickerson."

"Sam Dickerson?" howled Chandler.

Later came the news that "a Trojan wide receiver was the sixth-round choice by Detroit."

Said Chandler, "Well, that's a lot better than the seventh round."

The announcer continued, "He's Herman Franklin." Franklin had never played a down at USC.

Despair set in. Then O.J. Simpson called after the seventh round and said, "Welcome to Buffalo." Oddly, even though the Bills were a poor team, they had excellent receivers—J.D. Hall, Marlin Briscoe, Haven Moses—and thus Buffalo would be a hard club for him to make. More humility was dished out when Chandler went to talk contract and a Bills official said, "Seventh-round draft picks are not supposed to make the team." Which is why he promptly signed for a \$3,500 bonus (\$1,500 more in the unlikely event that he made the team) and three years at \$15,000, \$17,500 and \$20,000. "I was so embarrassed," says Chandler, "that I just wanted to show them I could do it. There's always room for a guy who can play. There's not that much talent in the NFL."

This was back in the days when the Bills played and, weather permitting, practiced in rickety old War Memorial Stadium. Chandler and the other rookies once were sent out on the field to mash down the snow with team-issued boots. Then there was the time the Bills practiced on an ice rink. And finally, the day

they worked out in the hallway of a recreation center. Chandler remembers watching Moses run a down-and-out—down to the Coke machine and out to the locker room—never to return that day. The players had to pay \$2.50 to park half a mile from the stadium, and hot water in the showers lasted only five minutes—which meant none was left for a seventh-round rookie. Through it all, Chandler lived in the South Exit 56 Motor Inn and drove a 1953 Chevrolet he bought for \$100 in which the heater didn't work. Meanwhile, the Bills went 1-13. "But we laughed," says Chandler, "because there was so much to laugh about."

Chandler's injuries have been no laughing matter. Flores says he doubts there is an injury Chandler hasn't had. That's ridiculous. In fact, Chandler has only broken his left foot, his left hand and four transverse processes in his back. He has torn cartilage in his left knee (which required four operations), twice separated his right shoulder and suffered a bunch of little things, like a collapsed left lung. And, of course, he ruptured his spleen in last season's opener.

The spleen was the spookiest of Chandler's injuries. After a world-class hit by Bronco cornerback Perry Smith, Chandler lost 40% of his blood (about two of the normal five liters); his systolic blood pressure plummeted from its normal 120 to 70 and a hospital employee asked him, "Do you want to see a priest?" Shot back Chandler, "Do I need one?" Yes, he did. When he awoke to a room full of flowers, he checked his own pulse. Then Davis called and said, "I was up all night last night worrying about you and researching spleens."

"Thanks, Al."

"Yeah, and I've learned you can be all healed in four weeks." That was too optimistic, but Chandler did come back in six weeks although it was two more weeks before he got into a game as a receiver. Now, with a 12-inch scar on his stomach—"Playoff would never want me now," Chandler says—he's ready to play full out again.

Critics persist in the notion that Chandler is too slow, but his defenders point out that on an 80-yard scoring play in Super Bowl XV he ran half the length of the field stride for stride as a blocking escort for fast, fast Kenny King. "I have an advantage now," says Chandler, "because when you have never had speed, you don't lose it." Still, he's sensitive about the rap that he has lead feet, and once, as the result of a hot barroom discussion, he went outside with a tormentor, raced him and beat him down the block. But it occurred to Chandler that "I can't convince people that I'm fast by meeting them in bars and racing them one at a time."

sprawled on a couch at home—one of the *Playoff* pictures is framed over the TV—he muses, "When you are a pro football player, most people think much more of you than they should and you convince yourself you're a lot nearer than you are. The importance people put on the game is silly, but I could never say that pro football is silly when I have given up so much to it." Then he digs out a poem he wrote, which includes the lines:

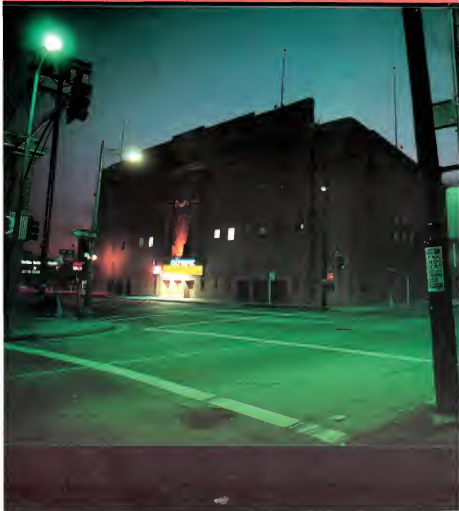
"This odd little pigskin is often caught  
But don't get brash—because  
then it's often not."

END



Chandler led the Raiders with 10 scoring catches in their Super Bowl season of 1980.

# A DREAM HOUSE





*Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium has been a haven for fighters and their fans for going on 57 years*

by  
**DAVID ISRAEL**



*An architectural gem when it was built in 1925, the Olympic still sparkles in an all-but-abandoned area of downtown.*

**F**IGHTS TONITE. Trouble this morning.

Bennie Georgino—hail bondsman, saloon owner, fight manager, at age 60 no longer a lightweight—descends a staircase, his shoulders rolling like an angry sea. It's 10:43 on a Thursday morning, and as Georgino walks down a corridor in the Olympic Auditorium, the fight arena at 18th and South Grand in downtown Los Angeles and the last bucket of blood left in America, he isn't smiling.

"Struggling," Georgino says. "I'm struggling. We had a fighter fall out this morning. Abedoy. The guy who was supposed to fight Montes."

Johnny Montes, 20 years old, 20-0, a promising lightweight, had been scheduled to go 10 rounds tonight against Manuel Abedoy. That isn't going to happen now, and Georgino, who manages Montes, is aggravated. "There's nothing I can do," he says. "But Don is upstairs going crazy."

In his office tucked in a corner under the arena's octagonal balcony, Don (War-A-Week) Chargin, the Olympic's matchmaker, is working the phones. There are two of them, each with 15 lines, and they're blinking like the tote board at Churchill Downs on Derby day. There are 15 minutes before the weigh-in, and Chargin has six fights scheduled. But he has only 11 fighters to step on the scale.

"Abedoy's manager called me at one o'clock this morning," Chargin says. "The flipping fighter disappeared. His wife doesn't know where he is. His manager doesn't know

*continued*

where he is. He's had something like 50 fights. He just gave Tony Baltazar a tough 10 rounds. He's past disappearing because he's scared."

Lately, this kind of thing has been happening all too frequently. Twice in the preceding two months Chargin has had to alter cards on 48 hours' notice because his headliner—a welterweight from Guadalajara—couldn't get a work visa. A couple of weeks ago he found a substitute at four o'clock for a bout that was to begin at eight.

Chargin is calling San Diego and Las Vegas and San Diego again. Eric Bonilla, a journeyman with a 28-20-4 record, would be a suitable opponent for Morales. He's willing and able to fight, he's in

shape and he knows how to get to the Olympic. Moreover, \$1,500 for a night's work sounds good to him. However, there's a small problem. Fifteen days earlier, in a fight in Las Vegas, Bonilla was involved in an incident which resulted in his mistakenly being placed on suspension by the Nevada State Athletic Commission. There are still six days left on the suspension and Chargin has to get the Nevada commission to clear Bonilla so the California commission will allow the fighter to work tonight.

"They're making an old man out of me," says Chargin, who's 54. "But what kills me is that it was such a good fight. It isn't easy to get fights for Morales."

By the time of the weigh-in, though,



With his bout only a few hours away, Kiko Bejmes gets down to the bare essentials as he weighs in for his bantamweight bout.





*Tortilla mogul Robles (above) added the Olympic to his empire a year ago, while Georgino has been there since he was a lightweight in '36.*



Bonilla is set. Georgino is satisfied, and Chargin feels young again.

Ben Lopez is young. He's sitting at ringside at 11 a.m., waiting to be called to the scales. Lopez, 20, is wearing a grease-stained, short-sleeve blue work shirt with his first name embroidered in blue script on a little white oval over the left breast pocket. In his right breast pocket are three ballpoint pens and a tire pressure gauge. Lopez has already put in two hours at Joe Evans' Tire Service in Glendale. He has the rest of the day off because tonight he'll have his first pro fight.

Like so many kids who have come here, Lopez, a superfeatherweight, is trying to leave something behind. "I want to fight because I want to better myself in life," he says. "Before, I wasn't getting nowhere. I was smoking marijuana, drinking beer. Nothing too heavy, but I didn't feel good about myself. Now I feel good, I feel clean, I feel closer to God."

Lopez is trained by Franck Muche, whose 55-year-old face sags from the weight of the 317 fights he had between 1940 and '51. For the last three decades

Muche has been training fighters at the Pasadena Y. He has never had a champ or a kid who went very far. "I'm a part-mutual clerk, and the racetrack's my bread and butter," he says. "But working with the kids is what I love."

In this building they have been playing out that love affair for almost 57 years. The history isn't important to Lopez—he wants to make weight and get on with business—but he's part of the tradition of the Olympic that refuses to die.

The Olympic Auditorium opened on the night of Aug. 6, 1925, with a card featuring a bout between two fellows named Young Nationalist and Newsboy Brown. L. A. Mayor George Cryer cut the ribbon to dedicate the building. Among the first-nighters were Rudolph Valentino, Joseph Schenck, Jack Warner, Sid Grauman, Sol Lesser, William Desmond and Jack and Estelle Dempsey. Were such an opening held today it surely would be the subject of a two-hour TV special.

At the time, the Olympic was an architectural gem. With 10,096 seats it was—

*continued*



*Though not named for the Olympics, the arena hosted boxing at the 1932 Games and is the largest in the U.S. built for boxing.*

and is—larger than any other U.S. arena built specifically for boxing. Spectacular murals, now obscured by dirt and by a crosshatch of extra beams added as the building deteriorated over the years, decorated the 70-foot-high ceiling. Red velvet drapes guarded the entryway of each aisle and added to the air of elegance.

The Olympic was the brainchild of Frank Garbutt, founder of the tony Los Angeles Athletic Club, which owned the arena until 1980. It was designed by Gilbert Stanley Underwood & Company in the style of the Italian Renaissance; big,

blocky and stucco, and was built by A.C. Pillsbury. It was named the Olympic in the hope that L.A. would someday host the Olympic Games. In 1932 it was, in fact, the site of boxing, wrestling and weightlifting competitions during the Games. Even then, however, its essential nature was that of a fight club—smoky, dreary, devoted to machismo and honor.

By 1942 the arena had become unprofitable and, out of desperation, Garbutt asked the club's advertising director, a widow named Aileen LeBell, to revive the operation. She enlisted Cal Eaton, an

inspector for the state athletic commission. When they arrived at the Olympic, Babe McCoy, the matchmaker and perhaps the building's most valuable asset, threatened to quit; he had no interest in promoting fights with a woman. "Cal told Babe I came with the lease, but that I wouldn't last more than a couple of months," Aileen says.

Aileen lasted as the promoter at the Olympic until 1980. During her 38 years there she refused to buy the building for \$80,000 ("That was in 1943," she says. "Cal and I decided not to gamble, and kept on paying rent. I don't know how many millions in rent we wound up paying"; married Cal in 1948 ("We had a wonderful life together before he died in 1966"); kept alive the last weekly boxing club in America; and, in the years between the International Boxing Club scandals of 1959 and the advent of zillion-dollar closed-circuit television championship bouts in the '70s, became one of the most powerful and important figures in the game.

Ask anyone why the Olympic sur-

vived, and you usually get a two-word answer: Aileen Eaton. For approximately \$125,000 a year, she held the master lease and ruled the place as if it were her fief. She's 73 now and as she sits in the living room of her spacious home in Hancock Park, she's having a good time reflecting on her accomplishments.

"I shouldn't say this," she says, "but I think I made the Olympic survive. I just love boxing. I love the kids. I love to watch them from the time they're amateurs to when they win the title. I loved it even when business was bad."


When business was bad, she lived off the receipts from professional wrestling and the Roller Derby. When times were good she promoted her shows like crazy. As the population changed—as the fighters and fans changed from ethnic whites to blacks to Latin American immigrants—she changed with it. For the last 15 years they've been boxing to a decidedly Salsa beat at the Olympic.

This doesn't mean, however, that brotherhood has always been fostered. In 1964, for instance, Hiroyuki Ebihara, a

*continued*

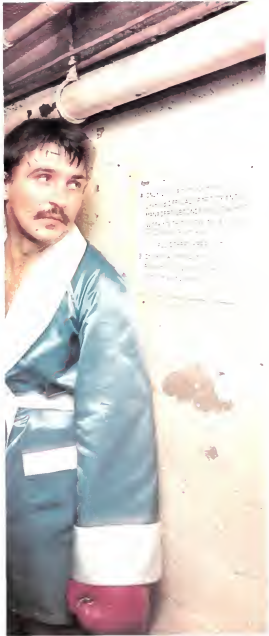
Before his bout with Lopez, Sotelo—a one-fight "veteran"—ponders his fate in Room 5.





*Moments before their  
heavyweight bout, Tescac  
Drago (right) and Ed (Bad News)  
Turner, show the tension  
in different ways.*





continued

Japanese flyweight, had the bad luck to win a 12-round decision over Alacran Torres, a local favorite by way of Guadalajara. Seats, jagged signboards and beer bottles rained down from the balcony. Eaton was at once distraught and filled with admiration. "We had wanted to get new seats, but we couldn't get them out of the cement," she says. "But, somehow, they got them out. After that, we borrowed \$185,000 and fixed up the place."

Later that evening, a reporter from the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* was interviewing casualties as they left the building. He saw a man with a heavily bandaged eye. "What did you get hit with? A bottle? A chair?" the reporter asked.

"A left hook in the third," said the man, who had fought on the undercard.

Eaton's proudest memories are of raw prospects maturing to become contenders and champions. Jerry Quarry and Joe Ortillo and Mando Ramos and Ruben Navarro and Raul Rojas and Art Aragon and Frankie Crawford and Hedgemon Lewis and Dunny (Little Red) Lopez. And there were the legends who stopped by on the way up or the way down: Joe Frazer and Muhammad Ali and Floyd Patterson and Sugar Ray Robinson.

But all of them pale in Eaton's heart when compared with Carlos Palomano, who grew up in the Olympic, defended his WBC welterweight title four times in the Olympic and now returns as a retiree to watch the Thursday night fights.

"I think my fondest memory was when Don sent Carlos to London to fight for the welterweight title," she says. "He told Carlos to win, come home and defend the title here. At three o'clock in the afternoon Carlos called from the dressing room in London to tell Don he'd won the title from John Stracey. He said he wanted us to hear it from him. It takes a nice kid to do something like that."

Eaton put on 49 boxing shows a year—taking off only Thanksgiving and two Thursdays around Christmas and New Year's—at her beloved Olympic. "I was," she says, "retired by force."

In 1980 the L.A.A.C. put the Olympic up for sale. Eaton wanted to buy it this time, and she tried to make a deal. The athletic club wanted \$5 million. But the interest rate set by the banks—about 19%—was too high for Eaton's group

continued



to purchase the building at that price.

Then a local parking-lot and real-estate mogul named Jack Needleman saw a report on television that the Olympic would be doomed—i.e., would be razed to make way for a parking lot—if the club couldn't find a buyer willing to operate the building as an arena. He offered \$3 million for the Olympic—and the L.A.A.C. took it. Eaton fumed. "If I'd known they'd take \$3 million, I could've arranged that without any problem," she says. "I thought they owed me. I was their tenant for 40 years."

Eaton's lease was up, and Needleman searched for a new tenant. "He said I was too old—I was 71 at the time—and I didn't know what I was doing," Eaton says. "I've got about 20 million trophies, and I didn't get them from not knowing anything."

Under Needleman's ownership, boxing got off to a shaky start; in fact, for several months in 1981 there weren't any weekly fights at the Olympic. Then last summer Rogelio Robles, 33, a partner in his family's company, La Reina, Inc., which is one of the largest manufacturers of frozen tortillas and other prepackaged

Mexican food, became the promoter.

The youngest of 12 children, Robles came to Los Angeles from his native Guadalajara to work in his brother's food business and became a regular patron of the Olympic. In 1976 he started promoting bouts in L.A. And now he's reaching deep into his pocket to keep alive a tradition in a city that has precious few.

There is about the Olympic an urban flavor that's absent from most of Los Angeles. An hour before the fights the congregation gathers along South Grand Avenue, crowds around the three taco vans that pull up to the sidewalk along the parking lot and argues the fight game in a cacophony of English, Spanish, and, every once in a while, Japanese.

By 8 p.m. the fans are seated and ready. They assess the potential of the kids working the four-rounders and cast a critical eye on the veterans in the main events. Punchers are preferred; art doesn't sell well in the Olympic.

It's the fans' custom to show appreciation by throwing coins into the ring. A few weeks ago there was a hailstorm of quarters, nickels and dimes. The seconds collected the booty in a bloody towel and



took it to the dressing room to divide evenly between the two fighters. Each one took home \$200 extra. "You can always tell when it's been a good fight," says Allan Malamud, the executive sports editor of the *Herald Examiner*. "The ringaders are covered up." As Malamud speaks, it's raining cold cash and his sweater is pulled over his head.

"You shut down the Olympic and you kill boxing in L.A.," says Georgino. He started going to the building in 1936 when he was a star of the weekly amateur bouts. "Now when they ask you where you boxed and you say the Olympic, they say you must be a pretty good fighter."

The Olympic is also pretty important

to the movies. From the original *Body and Soul* (1947) to the *Rocky* trilogy and *Raging Bull*, most every fight movie has been shot in part in the Olympic. It is, some say, Hollywood's busiest studio.

Bonilla, the last-minute substitute, certainly doesn't care about that. What he's interested in is surviving. He has earned his \$1,500 by taking a beating from Montes. After four rounds he quits on his stool. The crowd proves it can

*continued*

*Benjies polishes off Jovito Rengifo (far left); second Roman Perez consoles a beaten Alex Olmos; and Eaton displays two of her favorites.*





be unappreciative, too. It boos Bonilla.

"That's the one thing I really feel bad about," says Chargin. "When you get a guy to substitute for you in the middle of the night and the people boo him."

Chargin, resplendent in baby blue, set off by a touch of gold jewelry and wavy silver hair, is in his customary seat: second row, aisle. This has been his command post since he moved from Oakland in 1966. From here he orchestrates fight night, calling out orders into his hot line, a red telephone he keeps under his seat.

All things considered, Chargin is having a pretty good night. Compared with Ben Lopez, he's having a great night.

In a quarter of an hour, Lopez will make his debut. Now he's in the catacombs, the dank, decrepit warren of dressing rooms. The walls are covered with blistered yellow paint; hot-water pipes along the low ceilings provide the most inspiring decoration. The showers don't drain, and it seems that fresh air hasn't breezed through since the place was a hole in the ground.

Now in Room 5, a cell 10 feet long and perhaps four feet wide, Lopez is warming up. Muche holds out his right hand and Lopez pounds it. He jabs, he throws com-

binations, he grunts, he breaks a sweat, he makes a hell of a racket. And all the while, Ariuro Leon, a warhorse who is to lose to Cubanso Perez, a fine prospect, in the 10-round lightweight main event, is asleep on a Formica counter top six feet away. He's stretched out from the sink to the wall, covered by his robe, using his gym bag for a pillow.

A voice tells Lopez the world is ready

*The Olympic's fans are avid students of the fight game; Muche (standing at right) tells Lopez he can learn from defeat.*



continued

What's a boxing arena without beer vendors... and taco wagons? Harry Truman takes advantage of the arena's outdoor meals on wheels.



for him. He pulls a ratty black robe over his ratty white trunks and walks up the steps and down the aisle toward his dreams. A kid named Steve Sotelo, who was victorious in his pro debut a couple of weeks back at the Olympic, is taking the same walk.

Lopez acquits himself nicely in the first couple of minutes. He moves, he jabs, he stuns Sotelo. Then, with 15 seconds left in the first round, Sotelo connects with two rights and a left, and Lopez is knocked down. He's up at eight and holds on until the bell. Thirty-two seconds into the second round, Lopez is defenseless in Sotelo's corner. Almost before it began, Lopez' pro debut is over. He's led back to his cell.

He sits in a chair in a corner and Muche stands over him. This was a class, Muche explains; you went to school, and it's time to review what was learned.

"You had the guy on the ropes and you let him off," Muche says. "Then you stood there and he tagged you."

"Why'd they stop it?" Lopez asks.

"It ain't like the old days," Muche says. "A couple a punches and they stop the fight. You ain't hurt, are you?"

"No," Lopez says.

"O.K., it might be a good lesson for you, then," Muche says. "You got knocked on your ass, and it's a painful lesson, but at least you didn't get hurt."

"I didn't even know I was down until I got up," Lopez says. "I never felt the punch hit me."

"You took your shots, but there ain't no disgrace in that," Muche says. "Now you got to go to school. You got to work harder. You oughta be in the gym every day. This is when we find out whether you want it or not. One win don't make you a champ. One loss don't make you a bum. This is life in the raw right here. Now we find out what you're made of."

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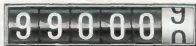
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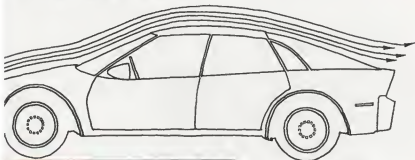
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# BEST GM EVER

## It's the right idea for left

The Orioles' three-player platoon in leftfield has been a very big hit

by Steve Wulf



While in left, Ayala, Lowenstein and Roenicke have had 24 home runs and 69 RBIs.

**T**he leftfielder for Baltimore leads the American League in homers and is second in RBIs. He's at once an anthropologist from Las Vegas, a mystic from Puerto Rico and a perfectly normal human being from Diamond Bar, Calif. His manager misspells one of his names, and mispronounces the other two.

The Three Faces of Weaver are John Lowenstein, Benigno Ayala and Gary Roenicke, and as the Orioles' rotating leftfielder they had produced 24 homers and 69 RBIs at week's end. Earl Weaver decides which of their names to write on his lineup card depending on who's hot, who's not and who's pitching. Platooning is nothing new to baseball, but what Weaver has done with these three resembles what Mozart did for the flute.

Lowenstein, 35: "Earl being the natural strategist that he is, he knows pretty well what we can do statistically, but this is nothing new from his standpoint. Somehow it's become difficult to assume the players have anything to do with it.

He does play hunches, although he goes mostly by the statistics his players accumulate. He looks like a genius, when actually, all the efforts have been compiled on an individual basis." Lowenstein, you see, was an anthropology major at California-Riverside.

Ayala, 31: "I try to think ahead of time. Say, we are playing Chicago in two weeks. I think how the left-hander pitched me the last time. Sitting on the bench I have a lot of time to think. I try not to be surprised." Two weeks?

Roenicke, 27: "Basically, I moved my hands down and back. I saw the way the good hitters, Eddie Murray, George Brett and Tony Armas, were doing it. So far, it's worked." Roenicke has a new stance.

No matter where they're coming from—and Ayala and Lowenstein are living examples of the expression "out of left field"—they're heading for a phenomenal season. Through Sunday, Lowenstein was hitting .307 with 11 homers, one fewer than his career high,

in only 137 at bats. Ayala, batting .304, had 13 RBIs on 13 hits. Roenicke, who has also played center, right and first, had eight of his 15 homers and 23 of his 41 RBIs while in leftfield. He was batting .259 overall and .255 as a leftfielder. The three have shared leftfield since 1979 but not with this kind of production.

"Naturally, there will be better years than others," says Lowenstein, "attend to the semicircular seasonal statistics. Right now, we are moving toward the peak of our equilibrium."

"They're a blooming phenomenon," says Weaver, who doesn't use the word blooming.

Roenicke and Ayala bat righthanded, and Lowenstein hits from the left side, but the platooning isn't as simple as sickening a certain guy in against a certain kind of pitcher. Weaver's famous stats, which show how his hitters do against specific pitchers, usually determine who's in the lineup. If, for instance, Centerfielder Al Bumbry has trouble against a particular southpaw, Weaver will play Roenicke in center and Ayala in left. Sometimes, Weaver will play Roenicke against a righty because Weaver just has a feeling.

"In glancing at the lineup card, I look for length," says Lowenstein. "If I see a very long name, I know I'm playing. I also see a misspelled name. Earl always puts the *i* before the *e*. Sometimes I'll correct it, but the next day it's still misspelled." Provided it's there at all.

Lowenstein is responsible for perhaps the single greatest moment in baseball history. It happened on June 19, 1980 against the Oakland A's. While trying to stretch a single into a double, he was hit on the back of the head by First Baseman Jeff Newman's throw. Lowenstein lay motionless at second, as trainer Ralph Salton and the Orioles' team doctor, Leonard Wallenstein, ran out to examine him. Lowenstein was placed on a stretcher and carried off the field in front of a hushed Memorial Stadium crowd of 15,491. When the stretcher was near the

continued



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dugout, Lowenstein rose from the waist and gave a two-fisted salute. The fans went wild. "It was simply an opportunity I could not pass up," he says. Many Orioles now wear a T-shirt with a cartoon depicting the moment and the slogan TONIGHT, LET IT BE LOWENSTEIN.

The incident stands as a metaphor for Lowenstein's career. After the '78 season, he was given up for dead by the Texas Rangers and placed on waivers. "I always thought he could play," says Weaver. "He'd hit Jim Palmer hard and then go and make a great catch." Lowenstein plays with the same reckless abandon with which he assaults the English language, banging into walls, getting hit by pitches. Once he stole 36 bases in a season (1974); now he has his doctorate in Weaver's specialty, long ball. "I have run the full gamut of thrills in this game," says Lowenstein. "What's good about the home run is that it tends to immobilize the other team's outfielders."

Lowenstein is into snake hunting, casino management and cakes, the latter literally. Whenever a cake appears in the Orioles clubhouse, he conducts an examination. "If it's from a known source, I leave it alone," he says. "If it's from an unknown source, you never know what viral infections it may be carrying. I give it the finger-plunge test. If it tastes very good, I leave it alone." However, if it fails to meet Lowenstein's strict standards, he takes a specially designed bat to it. "Costs me \$5 every time," he says. "That's what I pay the clubhouse man to clean it up." This year he has been treating baseballs as if they were so many Schwarzwälder Kirschtorten.

Ayala is properly pronounced ah-yah-la. Weaver says ay-yeh-la. No matter. "He's a pure hitter," says Weaver. "He's so good he knocks himself out of games. I'll start him against a lefthander, and he'll hit a three-run homer off him. Then they'll bring in a righty, and Benny's back on the bench."

Lowenstein maintains that Ayala is the most profound player on the Orioles. "He will sit there, arms folded, for eight innings. If he's going to hit, I'll ask him what he's looking for. He'll say, 'Something white. Coming through.' Sometimes I'll ask him where they'll pitch him. And he'll say, 'Up and away. And in.' I'll say, 'Which is it, up and away or in?' And he'll say, 'Up and away. And in.'"

Orioles still scratch their heads when they recall the time a few of them were in

the dugout, talking about a desert movie. In the middle of the conversation, Ayala, who had shown no interest in the discussion, asked, "What is the minimum number of men it takes to safely cross the Sahara Desert?" After a few moments of silence, he answered his own question. "One hundred," he said.

Like Lowenstein, Ayala was given up for lost. After trials with the Mets and Cardinals, he had decided in '79 to go to Japan to play for the Taiyo Whales. But Doc Edwards, his skipper in the Puerto Rican Winter League, talked him into joining Rochester, the Orioles' Triple-A farm club, which Edwards was going to manage. After a fast start, Ayala was called up on April 30, and he's been with Baltimore ever since.

Playing a part-time role, Ayala has barely accumulated a full season's worth of statistics for the Orioles. But in 398 at bats through last week, he had hit 23 homers with 75 RBIs. He would play more, but he's not the best fielder in the world. He knows it and has been working to improve himself. "But it's a difficult situation," he says. "I'm here for my hitting. If I work too hard on my fielding, I might neglect my hitting."

In a May 19 game against Minnesota, Twins Pitcher Pete Fison had a two-strike count on Ayala in the second inning when the umpires ordered play stopped because of rain. After a delay of an hour and 21 minutes, Ayala came to the plate and drilled a three-run homer deep into the seats in left. When asked if he thought he was in a tough spot, having to face a two-strike count after sitting for so long, Ayala replied, "Not really. I just felt like I was pinch-hitting for myself."

Roenicke is pronounced Renn-uh-kee, mispronounced by Weaver as Rye-nuh-kee and shortened by his friends to Rhino. He's an excellent outfielder and one of the streakier hitters in baseball. "It's always been that way," he says. "I hit in bunches, oh for 10, then six for seven."

In his first full season, '79, Roenicke hit a surprising 25 homers. He did it while wearing half of a football face mask on his helmet after being hit below his nose by a pitch from Lerrin LaGrew in the second game of the season. He tried discarding it in 1980, but reconsidered because he found himself "bailing out on everything." He finally got rid of the mask last year. This year he got rid of his upright stance. And with his new style,

his slugging percentage of .551 was eighth in the league.

As the lefthander(s) go, so go the Orioles, who have been rising steadily in the AL East standings, from seventh on May 12 to third on Sunday. "This team is like my tomatoes," says Weaver. "In April and May, they're scrawny little things, barely sticking out of the ground. But by August and September, they could feed the whole blooming world." Weaver has a particularly nice patch in left.

## THE WEEK

(June 28-July 4)

by HERM WEISKOPF

**NL WEST** "When things look grim, we always seem able to bounce back," said Manager Dick Williams of the Padres (4-4). Trailing Jerry Reuss 4-0 in the ninth in L.A. is about as grim as things can get, but San Diego won 7-5 in the 10th on Alan Wiggins' two-run single. The next night, the Padres overcame a 3-0 deficit, jolting the Dodgers 6-4 with the help of Terry Kennedy's three-run pinch homer.

Atlanta (5-1) extended its lead over San Diego to 4½ games by doing lots of bouncing back itself. Glenn Hubbard's 11th-inning single gave the Braves a 6-5 victory over the Astros, who had led 5-0 in the sixth. The next day, consecutive-pitch homers by Dale Murphy and Bob Horner plus Bill Pecorella's two-run pinch single, all in the sixth, erased Houston's 4-1 lead and made Atlanta a 5-4 winner. The Braves then trailed the Reds 2-0 and 4-3 before winning 6-4, their first win over Tom Seaver in almost four years. Atlanta scored another comeback against Mario Soto, trailing 2-0 in the first before winning 4-2 on Hubbard's shattered-bat, two-run bloop single in the seventh. "I can't enjoy anything with what we're doing," said Soto in a sotto voce postgame comment. A newspaper headline in Cincinnati (0-6) summed it up: LET'S FACE IT: REDS ARE GOING NOWHERE.

Houston (3-3) will have a hard time going anywhere without ace reliever Joe Sambino, out for the season after elbow surgery. But at least the Astros bumped the Reds out of fifth.

Renie Martin and Altie Hearnaker of the Giants (5-2) pitched back-to-back four-hitters, beating the Reds 7-1 and 3-0. By defeating Cincy 7-6 on a 12th-inning wild pitch and San Diego 4-3 on a homer in the 15th by Chili Davis, San Francisco improved its record to 16-17 in one-run games.

Timely hits by a pair of Steves made Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers (3-4) the majors' first 11-game winner. Steve Yeager's

continued



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## XEROX

three-run blast carried Valenzuela past San Diego 6-4 and Steve Garvey's single in the eighth polished off Houston 5-4.

ATL 48-29 SD 44-34 LA 42-39  
SF 37-44 HOUS 33-45 CIN 31-47

**NL EAST** Steve Carlton of the Phillies (4-2) used his guile and slider to improve his record to 11-7. During a 1-0 triumph over St. Louis in a showdown for first, Carlton picked men off base for the eighth and ninth times this season. Then, while holding on for a 9-7 victory in New York, Carlton struck out 13 Mets.

Despite Ken Oberkfell's .421 hitting, the Cardinals (2-4) stalled, winning their only game by clobbering the Phillies 15-3 as George Hendrick drove across seven runs.

New York (3-3), desperate for some punch, put player-coach Rusty Staub in the lineup, and he andatcher Terry Lench teamed up for two wins. Lench, who threw seven runless innings of relief, earned a 5-4 victory in Montreal and saved an 8-4 triumph over Philly. In each game, Staub had two hits and two RBIs.

For the Cubs (3-4), the collaborators were Leon Durham, who hit .409, and Dick Tidrow, who twice hurled three innings of scoreless relief. With Durham slugging two homers and getting four RBIs, Tidrow beat the Pirates 6-4. Tidrow then saved a 4-3 victory in St. Louis, where Durham had two hits, stole a base and drove in a run.

Pittsburgh (7-2) moved into contention by blending .331 hitting with some fine pitching. Tony Pena batted .520 and Willie Stargell wilyed his first home run in nearly two years, a three-run pinch shot that finished off the Cubs 7-3. Larry McWilliams, acquired three days before in a trade with Atlanta, stopped Montreal 7-2. Manny Sarmiento defeated the Expos 4-2 and Rick Rhoden's two-hitter beat the Cubs 3-1. The Buc bullpen notched five saves and one victory.

Steve Rogers of the Expos (3-6) finally cooled off the Pirates 16-6 on Sunday, winning his 10th game. Al Oliver hit .467.

PHIL 44-34 STL 44-36 MONT 41-37  
PIT 40-37 NY 38-41 CH 31-50

**AL EAST** In recent years, Pitcher Jim Palmer has become well known for his shorts—the ones he wears in underwear ads as well as his brief stints on the mound for Baltimore (2-4). Palmer, who has completed only 18 of 90 starts the past four seasons, went just five innings in Detroit. However, the Orioles overcame his latest case of the shorts with a dose of the "longs"—homers by Eddie Murray and Cal Ripken—that made Palmer a 5-4 winner. Another short-winded winner was Storm Davis, who pitched 6½ innings against Detroit but won 8-3 as the Birds hit five homers.

## BALL PARK FIGURES

An SI survey reveals that the following players have the most unusual items in their clubhouse lockers.

**Bill (The Inspector) Caudill, Mariners:** Sherlock Holmes hat and handcuffs.  
**Richie Hebner, Tigers:** plastic snakes and spiders.

**Jay Johnstone, Cubs:** a Halloween mask, firecrackers, a Darth Vader helmet, oversized sunglasses with wipers.

**Steve Kemp, White Sox:** Bub, his Springer dalmatian puppy, when he's tied up there during games.

**Enrique Romo, Pirates:** a machete.

**Richie Zisk, Mariners:** a voodoo doll.

Detroit (3-3), which had lost 14 of 15 games, defeated Boston on successive days. After dumping the Red Sox 12-3, the Tigers prevailed 5-4 when Kirk Gibson doubled home two runs in the ninth. Dennis Eckersley of Boston (3-4) beat Detroit 4-2 on a four-hitter in which he threw only 79 pitches. On Sunday, Eckersley beat Milwaukee (page 24) in a battle for first place.

League attendance, which on Monday had reached the 10 million mark earlier than ever, continued to climb. Topping it all off was the season's largest gathering—69,557 Saturday night in Cleveland. The Indians (3-3) had whetted their fans' interest with a convincing 9-2, 9-0, 6-2 sweep in Baltimore. Then came the big crowd. The Yankees (4-2) zapped the Tribe that night 10-6 as Graig Nettles drove in four runs and Ken Griffey had his fourth straight three-hit game. Dan Spillner, who hadn't given up a home run all season in 69 innings, was taken down in the ninth by Dave Winfield and Nettles. Goose Gosage saved that game in relief, just as he had the night before when Winfield, who had publicly complained that the distant leftfield fence in Yankee Stadium was turning his home-run shots into long outs, hit two homers over the short fence, at Cleveland for a 3-1 Yankee victory. For the week, Winfield hit .400 and had eight RBIs, and Griffey batted .542.

Barry Bonnell's .400 hitting for Toronto (1-5) eased his average to .352. Three hits by Bonnell plus three steals by Damaso Garcia helped knock off the Twins 9-4.

BOS 45-32 MIL 44-33 BAL 40-35 DET 39-35  
CLEV 37-38 NY 37-37 TOR 34-43

**AL WEST** After beating reliever Don Quesenberry of the Royals (4-2) two weeks ago, Manager Gene Mauch of the Angels labeled him "The Mouth." Last week the talkative Quesenberry left Mauch speechless—and California ho-

less—by retiring all nine Angels he faced while locking up a 6-2 win with his 21st save. For the first time since August 1981, Kansas City got a save by someone other than Quiz, rookie Mike Armstrong sealing 7-2 victories over Oakland and California by giving up only one run in seven innings Sunday's 6-1 defeat of the Angels, in which Amos Otis hit two homers, and Bud Black and Armstrong did the pitching, put the Royals in first.

"I had a nightmare or two," said reliever Doug Corbett of the Angels (1-5) about the numbness in his pitching hand two weeks ago. Corbett, whose trouble apparently came from being overworked, was back to normal in a few days and last week wrapped up Geoff Zahn's 2-1 victory in Texas.

"I can destroy you with my legs," said Rickey Henderson of the A's (3-3), whose five steals gave him 77. That's more than the next three thieves in the league combined: John Wathan of K.C. (26), Ron Leflore of Chicago (23) and Damaso Garcia of Toronto (20). Rick Langford won twice and Matt Keough, who is 0-7 at home, ran his road record to 7-4 by blanking the Royals 4-0. "I think the problem at home is our new uniforms," Keough said. "They won't stretch." He then added, "When you're losing, excuses run rampant."

In Seattle (4-1), it was goodness that ran rampant. A three-game sweep in Toronto put the Mariners five games above .500 for the first time ever.

Chicago (2-4) hung on for one victory and rallied for another. The White Sox led the Twins 7-0 in the fourth before winning 8-7 and then wiped out a 5-0 Mariner lead to pull

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**NOLAN RYAN:** By beating Atlanta 6-2 and L.A. 3-0, the Houston fastballer, who started the season 2-5, evened his record at 8-8. In 17 innings he gave up only eight hits and two runs and fanned 20 batters.

out a 7-6 decision. The latter triumph went to Jerry Knottman, who allowed only one run in 7½ innings of relief.

Newcomer Dave Hostetler of Texas (4-2) tied a club record for home runs in one month with 10 in June. Last week Hostetler hit, stroking four singles to help beat California 7-2. Billy Sample's two-out, three-run homer in the ninth stunned the Angels 5-3 and Charlie Hough beat the A's 3-0. Larry Parrish's club-record seven RBIs on Sunday wiped out Oakland 11-4.

With Gary Ward driving in 12 runs and Ron Washington eight, Minnesota (5-2) had its finest week. Along the way, the Twins swept the White Sox 12-5, 4-3 and 9-2.

KC 44-32 CAL 45-34 CH 41-35 SEA 42-37  
TEX 31-41 OAK 34-47 MINN 23-57



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by Bill Taffe

Midway through the recent Wimbledon Fortnight—after Bud Collins' first "Aaaaah!" long before his final "Ooooh!" and roughly about the time NBC began to play its television game of mirrors—it was apparent which network was No. 1 at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. The BBC, of course. You see, old chaps, it's really quite marvelous how the British respect their telly viewers. No bloody chatter by the announcers, no fussing or flitting about among six matches in 15 minutes before Johnny Carson comes on. Simply the game, which is a jolly good show in its own right.

Thanks to Home Box Office, which picked up 23 hours of the British Broadcasting Company feed, American viewers were given an elementary lesson in just how excessive U.S. sportscasting can be. One thing the Brits have learned: In TV as in architecture, less usually turns out to be more.

Take the most striking difference—talking heads. The two heard most frequently on the HBO/BBC telecasts, Dan Maskell and John Barrett, must think that gabbling, like rogue bees, is injurious to one's health. They broke their silence for a 12-word comment once every game or so. We got only the pop of ball against racket, the magisterial voice of the umpire and a sense of tightening drama. Left alone, we were sucked into the match unawares.

In fairness to NBC, HBO/BBC takes no commercial breaks, which allows its announcers to save their comments for the changeovers. Still, the level of NBC chitchat was stifling. Collins, a self-proclaimed tennis hacker who has been covering the game for 27 years, annually reclaims his title as the loudest screamer, shrieker and nickname-creator in sports TV. This year Chip Hooper became "Hooperman," and Stan Smith was reintroduced as the "Leaning Tower of Pasadena." Strangely, Geoff Mason, producer of NBC's 24 hours of Wimbledon coverage, said the network "but its stride" in controlling talk this year. How Collins

would sound unleashed is frightening to consider.

NBC also earned demerits for jettisoning Donald Dell—except as a last-minute fill-in on the final Saturday—and for planting the usually impeccable Dick Enberg in the booth with Collins. This year's Wimbledon was the first major sports event in memory that had no expert commentator. And it showed. Enberg, a baseball and football man, often seemed ill at ease. Afraid of dead air, forced to say something, he came up with such nuggets as "skillful play" and "Martina made Chris work hard on that point."

If the peacock had played



## Game, set, match to the BBC

At Wimbledon, NBC's Bud Collins and Dick Enberg were second best

HBO/BBC on Centre Court, it would have won only one set: camera work. Throughout the Fortnight, HBO/BBC stuck with that static, high-level shot from up behind the court and rarely showed a replay from a different angle or a tight closeup during play. The fact is, the U.S. sports viewer has been so spoiled by zoom lenses and special effects that foreign telecasts now resemble spin-offs from the *Gillette Cavalcade of Sports*, circa 1958. A subtle but telling difference: As the Wimbledon grass turned white with wear, NBC cut repeatedly to its "lowboy" camera at net level behind the baseline. In the old-fashioned HBO/BBC high-level shot, the ball was almost invisible.

Which brings us to NBC's game of mirrors, the most irritating aspect of its coverage. For once, why won't a network sports division that airs events on tape-delay label its programming straightforwardly? The hand isn't quicker than the viewer's brain. Tell us what's coming up and when. If a match was completed five hours before air time, say so. Don't pretend it's live. For NBC, this year's Fort-

night should go down as the Wimbledon of The Big Tease.

One night we tuned in—this hurts—at 12:45 a.m., expecting to see Jimmy Connors, as announced. First we got Tim Mayotte. Then we got Vitas Gerulaitis ("The Lithuanian Lion," according to the *Angel of Alliteration*). Jimbo's tape didn't come on till 1:30. In newspapers the next morning NBC ran an ad indicating John McEnroe would be shown on its 2-to-5 p.m. show that day. Sorry, Enberg finally said sometime around 4:58, but McEnroe wouldn't appear until after midnight. To make matters worse, NBC didn't report the score of his match. On the final Saturday, following its live coverage of the women's final and the McEnroe-Mayotte semi, NBC presented the Connors-Mark Edmondson semi as if it too were live. In fact, that match ended before either of the other two began.

Recommendations? Enberg should return to baseball and basketball, Collins should bone up on Maskell and NBC should recall Dell and adopt a no-trickery policy. Then we could really enjoy our Breakfast at Wimbledon. **END**



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# 'GOD MAY BE A FOOTBALL FAN'

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BY RON FIMRITE

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*Such provocative utterances have stamped Don Sutton, former Dodger and current Astro ace pitcher, as a real piece of work*

**D**on Sutton tools into the Santa Ana Lincoln-Mercury lot in his '55 Chevy, the venerable machine assuming a cumbersome dignity as it eases into a parking space between two downsized contemporary vehicles. Sutton is amused by the attention his vintage car is attracting from salesmen and customers alike, for he isn't above shaking people up from time to time. Besides, the Chevy, an incandescent Bel Air in hues of "coral and sand" that is especially prized by car buffs, was greatly sought after in its own time, and that for Sutton lends it symbolic importance. "This is the car I couldn't afford when I was growing up in Pensacola," he says, patting the corrugated steering wheel. "This is what the other kids were driving down to the Echo Lanes bowling alley. I'm no classic car purist. I don't want to cuddle and love a

*continued*



*Sutton's Laguna Hills home is where the heart is. Pam decorated the interior and Don saw to the exterior when he wasn't tooting around in his '55 Chevrolet, the classic he coveted as a teen-ager.*



## **DON SUTTON** continued

machine. I just want an old car to drive."

Sutton alights from the Chevy. He is a lean man with an upright posture that makes him appear taller than his 6' 1". He has a thin, bright-eyed face that is topped off incongruously by an explosion of curly brown hair touched with gray. "My hair is really straight," he explains. "I get permanents. I sit in the beauty parlor under the dryer reading *Mademoiselle* with my legs crossed." He is in bubbling good humor this morning. The night before, he and his wife, Pam, had entertained 65 for dinner in their splendid new home in Laguna Hills, one of the numerous contiguous communities that make up Orange County on the California coast. The guest list included 21 of Sutton's 24 Houston Astro teammates, who were with him in Southern California to play a weekend series with the San

Diego Padres. "It was terrific," says Sutton, nodding cordially at his car's admirers. "We had a country-western band, the works. The whole thing was catered by Jim Shea's Porta-Pig, or whatever, and there wasn't a bite left. We've got some guys on our club who can eat with Tommy Lasorda."

Sutton peers into the office of Ken Kaideen, the car dealership's general sales manager. Sutton does promotional work for the dealership, which this morning will involve cutting three radio commercials at KNOB-FM in nearby Anaheim. Sutton takes the scripts Kaideen has prepared for him and reads them as carefully as if they were drafts of a State of the Union address. "Oh, I like this," he says. "Previously owned automobiles." I guess that means used cars. Clever, clever."

"What are you driving, Don?" Kaideen inquires.

"You had to ask, didn't you? My '55 Chevy, of course."

"We'll take my car."

On the way to the station in Kaideen's Lincoln Continental, Sutton, who would dearly love to be pitching this season for the California Angels, sighs dramatically as Anaheim Stadium comes into view. "My home is here in Orange County," he says. "My corporation [a mini-conglomerate called SutCor International] has its offices here. I own a restaurant and a delicatessen here. I'm a good friend of [Angel General Manager] Buzzie Bavsa's. And that ball park is 20 minutes from my house. Oh, well."

Sutton chides Kaideen for parking his car in a 20-minute zone in the radio station's lot. Inside, he advises a KNOB



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICKEY PFLIEDER

sents grand farce, Sutton stands apart as genuinely clever. He refers to himself as "nothing more than a semipolished hick," but one senses that he wouldn't have been overmatched trading zingers at the Algonquin Round Table. "He's not the kind of guy you want to get into verbal battle with," says Red Adams, his old pitching coach with the Dodgers. "He's quick with the whip."

Sutton's sharp tongue invariably lands him in the soup, but he can no more suppress it than he can his will to win. It bubbles forth even in moments of greatest stress. His comment after his famous clubhouse fight with Steve Garvey four years ago—preceding a tearful televised apology—was a case in point: "I know you won't believe this. We had a slight disagreement. I couldn't convince Garvey that the Southeastern Conference is as good as the Big Ten." On one of the many occasions he was accused of doctoring the baseball with a "foreign substance," Sutton replied, "Not true at all. Vaseline is manufactured right here in the United States of America."

Broadcasting will be Sutton's career when he's finished with baseball, and he has been working at it steadily since the

*continued*

producer that "we'll have to do these in one take. Ken here has given us only 20 minutes." It requires close to 10 takes for Sutton to be satisfied with his readings—"It's like going three and two on the futter"—because he takes his radio work very seriously. "It's what I want to be when I grow up," he says. The commercials—"Hi, I'm Don Sutton for Santa Ana Lincoln-Mercury"—sound not at all like the work of a ballplayer picking up an extra buck. They are entirely professional, free of flaw or mumble.

Sutton masks his seriousness about life and obsession with perfection with a blithe manner that the uninitiated might confuse with flippancy. He protects the vulnerable underside of his nature with the quickest wit in baseball. In a game in which shouted profanity passes for Ernst Lubitsch dialogue and the hot foot repre-





Sutton's pitching is unkindered by the knee-cap he shattered last year, but he braces at the plate.



winter of 1969, when he did a five-hour disk jockey show on Saturdays and Sundays for a country-western station in Burbank. In 1978 he filled in as a sports-caster on the 11 o'clock news for KNBC-TV in Los Angeles. On his last show, he was pictured interviewing himself, the double images facing each other. After both the interviewer and interviewee reached the conclusion—simultaneously, you might say—that Don Sutton was a great pitcher, a somewhat haughty ball-player Sutton turned to meek broadcaster Sutton and asked, "How come they sent a rookie out here to interview a veteran player like me?"

Sutton's model as a ballplayer-broadcaster has been Don Drysdale, his old Dodger teammate, who now does play-by-play for the Chicago White Sox. "Don really prepared himself for broadcasting," says Sutton, who, in his rookie year of 1966, was called Little D, to Drysdale's Big D. "He carried a tape recorder around with him everywhere. But he didn't really get started until near the end of his career. That inspired me to start earlier." Drysdale and his esteemed teammate Sandy Koufax were Sutton's mentors in all respects. "The best thing that could have happened to me was to join a team with Drysdale and Koufax [who retired after the 1966 season]," says

Sutton. "They were obviously helpful to me as a pitcher. They offered me nothing but encouragement, and Don gave me my first scouting report on Hank Aaron. 'High and inside,' he'd say, 'then the slider.' 'What if you don't have a slider?' I asked him. 'Then,' he said, 'I wouldn't go out there at all.' They were both so unselfish. When I began breaking their Dodger records, they'd never fail to call or wire. I have their records, but I wouldn't ask anyone to compare me with them."

It may seem remarkable to some that Sutton, not Drysdale or Koufax, has virtually every important Dodger career pitching record: most wins (230), games (534), games started (517), strikeouts (2,652), innings pitched (3,728) and shutouts

(52). Sutton's career ERA of 3.07 as a Dodger is third to Koufax' 2.76 and Drysdale's 2.95. Only Zack Wheat, with 18 years, and Pee Wee Reese and Duke Snider, with 16, played longer for the Dodgers than Sutton, who, with Gil Hodges and Carl Furillo, lasted 15.

A few hours after he taped the commercials, Sutton went for and missed his 249th career win in San Diego. When he passes 250, he will be among the 33 winningest pitchers in baseball history. His 55 shutouts rank him 11th on the all-time list. And on June 16 he passed Cy Young to take over 10th place on the strikeout list with 2,824. If he doesn't retire first, he will become only the eighth pitcher to strike out more than 3,000 batters. He's a long shot for 300 wins, the true hallmark of pitching excellence, but it's one of his goals. And he has done all this with only one 20-plus-win season (21 in '76) and with a fastball that, he says, can hit 85 mph "only when I'm pitching downhill with the wind behind me."

What Sutton does have—and what he has had since his rookie year—is one of baseball's finest curveballs, a crackling bender that he throws with pinpoint accuracy. He also has a deceptive changeup and a slider that breaks so sharply, says Red Adams, that "if I had it, I'd call it my curveball." "He's the master of all his pitches, a total pleasure to catch," says his Houston catcher, Alan Ashby. "He's a scientist out there," says Astro relief ace Joe Sambito. "He's under control all the time. He doesn't challenge the batters with his speed, he challenges them with his stuff."

"He emits an air of professionalism," says former Dodger pitching mate Burt Hooton. "He's the same whether he's getting his tail kicked or tearing up the joint."

"He has such a variety of pitches that he's never dependent on just one," says his teammate and new friend, Nolan Ryan. "He has the versatility to adjust. A two-pitch pitcher like me can have problems if one of them—with me, the curve— isn't getting over. Don can just go to something else."

And just what might that something else be? Sutton has long been accused by rival players and managers of throwing a ball that has been tampered with in some illegal respect. Sparky Anderson, who scrutinized him as manager of the Reds, says he uses sandpaper. Others say he

continued

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Cincinnati	July 12-17
Seattle	July 30-Aug. 5
Milwaukee	Aug. 11-15
Newport, R.I.	Aug. 21-22
Chicago	Aug. 30-Sept. 5
Detroit	Sept. 1-6
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## DOON SUTTON *continued*

used to scrape the ball on his belt buckle, when there were such things on baseball uniforms. Umpire Doug Harvey once ejected him for throwing a defaced ball—the now famous “scuff ball” affair of 1978—although Harvey admitted he had no evidence that Sutton did the defacing. Dodger Coach Monty Basgall, who first scouted him, says Sutton takes advantage of every blemish or nick a ball might receive in the course of being batted around. “He doesn’t need much to turn it to his advantage,” says Basgall. “He can make that ball talk. And if it’s so easy to do that, why doesn’t everybody do it?” Umpires searching Sutton for incriminating evidence have reached into his uniform pockets to find notes reading NOT HERE or YOU’RE GETTING WARNER OR ASK SPARKY, HE KNOWS EVERYTHING.

Sutton, like that other longtime suspect Gaylord Perry, feels these accusations give him, essentially, a fifth pitch—one that exists only in the batter’s mind. Says Sutton, “If a hitter is more concerned with examining the ball than hitting it, then I say fine. You’ll notice that the people accused of doing something to the ball are those of us with lesser ability who win more than we lose. Nolan Ryan, who just blows people away, is never accused. And nobody accused me of anything the time I went 10 weeks without winning a game. There were many more accusations when I was 19–9 than when I was 11–15.”

Sutton considered himself to be a professional ballplayer by age 11. “Other kids my age were playing for fun. I was playing to get to the big leagues. It was all just training for me. Everything was a stepping-stone. I don’t know that I ever had a childhood. Maybe that’s why I’m having it now.” Sutton’s father, Howard, was a tenant farmer in Cho, Ala. when Don, the oldest of three children, was born on April 2, 1945. When the boy was five, the family moved to a farm 25 miles outside of Pensacola, where the elder Sutton was paid a living wage—“\$100 a month, guaranteed. No trade, no cut.”

Sutton speaks fondly of life in north-west Florida, a part of the state that is really Deep South in mood and pace. “Life was simple and uncomplicated, the way I like it,” he says. “The people were friendly. The climate was hot and humid. It was slow. We’d have picnics on the Fourth of July and go fishing on Memorial Day.” His dad became his role model.

“He married at 17 and had only a seventh-grade education, but he’d work on the farm all day and then go to night school. He finally got his high school diploma and things opened up for him. He was an excellent carpenter, and he went to work for a construction company. Now he heads the concrete division of a large construction outfit down there. I think you can see that the work ethic was ingrained in me a long time ago. That’s why I feel comfortable working at my profession the year round. I am never not in training.”

“He’s an odd guy in a way,” Basgall says of his discovery. “He’s very independent. He knows what he wants, and he goes after it.” “Don’s the kind of guy you either like or you don’t,” says former teammate Bill Russell. “But he speaks his mind, and you’ve got to respect that.” “He’s as honest as anybody I’ve ever met,” says the Dodgers’ Jerry Reuss. “He doesn’t spare anybody’s feelings when he’s telling the truth.”

“I started working on the farm when I was in the eighth grade—at 65 cents an hour,” says Sutton. “I fixed fences, chased cows, halterbroke cattle, cleaned out stalls, mowed lawns, drove the tractor, anything. I loved it. I could buy my own clothes. I didn’t have to ask anybody for money. I’d work 11, 12 hours on the farm and play ball two nights a week. When I wasn’t actually playing a game, I’d do my running [Sutton was a runner years before jogging became the opiate of the middle class] and then open the garage doors and hang a dense straw mat on the wall and throw against it by the hour. I knew then where I wanted to go.”

“I’ve been fortunate. Every time I’ve needed somebody, they’ve always been there. My sixth-grade teacher, Henry Roper, pitched in the Giants’ organization. I pounded him until he taught me some things. He got me throwing breaking balls when I was behind the hitter. All young hitters are looking for the fast-ball then. It was a break with convention. I learned how to throw a curve by raising my index finger and digging the tip into the ball. I have small hands—unlike someone like Koufax, who had long fingers and could wrap them around the ball—so I use a different grip for every one of my pitches. I’ve had so many people influence me. Monty Basgall, who had the courage to sign me—me, a skinny kid with not much of a fastball. Red

*continued*

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## **DON SUTTON** Continued

Adams, a great pitching coach and a great friend, a guy who told me not what I wanted to hear but what I needed to hear. Koufax and Drysdale, who taught me how to eat, dress and talk as well as pitch. And [Dodger Manager] Walter Alston, the most secure man I've ever met. I never saw him shrink responsibility. He always took the heat off the players, even when all the geniuses who watch baseball were looking for someone to blame. Walter let me go into his office and vent my frustrations behind closed doors. He'd listen, then tell me what should be done. He never held grudges. One of the most rewarding things in my life was the inscription he wrote to me in a copy of his autobiography: "When it's on the line, I want you to have the ball." If you can't get fired up by something like that, you have no pulse."

Alston, in retirement now in Darrowtown, Ohio, chuckles at his recollections of Sutton. "He was a cocky little freshman who thought he knew all the answers," Alston says. "He needed a lesson, so I told him he could go down to the bullpen and work his way out. I told him I'd call him when I needed him. I think that shook him up a little. But he only missed a turn or two. I really think a lot of Don. He was always at his best the bigger the stakes were. He was a great team man. Sure, he was stubborn, but so was I. You have to admire a guy like that. There's nothing wrong with saying what you think. And Don could back it up."

Sutton remained an Alston man, a survivor from another, less theatrical time, when Lasorda introduced Dodger Blue to an unsuspecting fandom in 1977. A reporter asked Sutton whom he would name as manager if he had a choice. Sutton said he'd like to see his friend Jeff Torborg get the job, although he knew full well it was a "foregone conclusion" at the time that Lasorda, a Dodger coach, would succeed Alston. Sutton said he was simply asked a question, and he answered it truthfully. But Lasorda wasn't pleased. It was apparent that Sutton, the senior Dodger, was not an ally and wasn't comfortable with the new manager's show-biz approach. Don Rickles may have been a regular in Lasorda's salon, but a truer iconoclast resided outside his office in the Dodger clubhouse.

"I always regarded the Big Dodger in the Sky as somewhat sacrilegious," Sutton says now. He was raised in the Bible

Belt, but he only made the final commitment to become a born-again Christian in the past two years. Besides, he says, Orange County is the Bible Belt of Southern California. "For all I know," says Sutton, "God may not even like baseball. He may be a football fan. Under any circumstances, I don't think He should be considered a pocket good-luck charm that you can pull out when you need it. I know Tommy didn't mean it disrespectfully. He's just a gung-ho, emotional man. He goes sky-high over a win and hits a deep depression over a loss. Walter always said you should never gloat on the peaks and never stay in the valleys. I spent so many of my years with Walter, the transition was very difficult for me. It took me years to understand Tommy. I still don't necessarily agree with him, but at least I think I understand him. For that matter, I doubt whether he agreed with a lot of my hanging curve-balls. Because we disagreed doesn't make either of us wrong. We both wanted to win. I'll say this for Tommy, he's one of baseball's best salesmen. He eats, sleeps and talks baseball. I doubt if he ever dreams about anything but baseball. That's the difference between us. Baseball is just one of the interests in my life. I like to think that if I hadn't been good at this game, I'd have been just as good at something else."

Garvey, who then lived with his family only three doors away from the Suttons in the San Fernando Valley town of Calabasas, was another Dodger icon Sutton had trouble accepting. To his teammates, Garvey has always seemed too good to be true. Underneath the goody-two-shoes facade, they seemed to be saying, was a cynical con artist. Most of Garvey's critics on the Dodgers kept their resentment to themselves. Not Sutton. In an interview with Tom Boswell of *The Washington Post* in mid-August of 1978, Sutton's sulphurous tongue found its mark once more.

"All you hear about on our team is Steve Garvey, the All-American boy," Sutton told Boswell. "Well, the best player on this team for the last two years—and we all know it—is Reggie Smith. Reggie doesn't go out and publicize himself. He doesn't smile at the right people or say the right things. . . . Reggie's not a facade or a Madison Avenue image. He's a real person."

Garvey, not without cause, was un-

happy. The story made him look like a phony. He waited until after Sutton had completed his regular pitching turn; then, on Aug. 20, in the clubhouse at Shea Stadium, he approached his critic half an hour before a game with the Mets. Did you say those things," he asked Sutton, of course, said he did. A discussion followed which appeared to be simply an ironing out of a misunderstanding between two intelligent young men. But Garvey, according to Sutton, has the disagreeable habit of emphasizing his points with a finger jab to the chest. And Sut-

Dodgers as one big happy family suffered irreparable damage. From then on, it was Dodger Black and Blue. Sutton insists now, four years later, that the incident was "insignificant, irrelevant. It was something that came on gradually and basically had nothing to do with baseball. The whole thing was over and done with in three days as far as he and I were concerned. I never considered the Dodgers family. I only have one family."

After his initial flippant dismissal, an obviously disturbed Sutton apologized publicly for the incident four days later in



Daron (right), Staci and Patti enjoy being in the waters of Southern California with Don.

ton, Garvey said, made a reference to Cindy Garvey that was less than gallant. As Garvey underlined his objection to this new conversational tack with his finger, Sutton shoved him forcefully. In a trice, the two were on the clubhouse floor, grappling with and clawing at each other. It took other players and team officials some two minutes to separate them. No real damage was done—both had minor scratches and bruises and Garvey had a red eye into which a Sutton finger had somehow found its way—and the Dodgers went on to win the game and ultimately go on a streak that won them the pennant.

But the carefully nurtured image of the

clubhouse at Dodger Stadium. His eyes were moist as he read from a prepared statement: "For the last few days, I have thought of nothing else and I've tried over and over to figure out why this all had to happen. The only possible reason I can find is that my life isn't being lived according to what I know, as a human being and a Christian, to be right. If it were, then there would not have been an article in which I would offend any of my teammates."

"Substantially, that incident proved that I'm a human being who makes mistakes," Sutton said recently. "I probably make more than the average person. But I try to rectify them. I'm spontaneous,

*continued*

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When a situation arises, I respond off the top of my head. If I find I'm wrong, I probably don't admit it right away, but I still have no qualms about rectifying the wrong. I find it better to respond and rectify than not respond at all. If you're going to be a spontaneous person, you've got to be willing to say you're sorry."

Garvey apparently wasn't convinced that Sutton was sorry enough. The apology, he said, was public, but it wasn't made to him personally. In some conversations after that, Garvey would make references to the jealousy of certain teammates. Asked recently to comment on his present feelings toward Sutton, Garvey said, "I'd rather not talk about that," an astonishing response from someone who almost never pleads no comment. Sutton isn't one to hold a grudge, but in extolling the virtues of his new Astro teammates a short time ago, he said dryly, "We don't have any players on this team who think everyone else is jealous of them. We don't have any soap operas."

The year 1978 was a troublesome one for Sutton. Only a month before the Garvey imbroglio, umpire Harvey tossed him out of a game with St. Louis for pitching a defaced baseball to Mike Tyson. Tyson had fled out to rightfield to end the sixth inning, and when Dodger Rightfielder Rick Monday rolled the ball back into the infield, Harvey scooped it up and gave it the once-over. Twice, earlier in the game, he had warned Sutton to stop throwing imperfect balls to Cardinal hitters. Now he felt he had the evidence to eject the pitcher. Tyson was ordered to hit again, and, with Lance Rautzhan pitching in Sutton's stead, he fled out to Monday once more to end the inning a second time. Sutton, who had been seeking his 200th win, was now subject to an automatic 10-day suspension, according to baseball rules. He threatened to sue Harvey and all of baseball, if necessary, for depriving him of his livelihood if the suspension were to be imposed. It never was, and the "scuff ball" caper took its place in the annals of the bizarre.

Sutton's four-year, \$1 million contract with the Dodgers was to expire in 1980,

and before that season he began campaigning for a trade. He was merely seeking a business advantage, he now explains. If the Dodgers shipped him to another team, he could negotiate a new contract from the strength of his impending free-agent status. He could get a handsome contract without bothering with free agency. At the same time, he rather hoped the Dodgers would see the light and sign him to a respectable new contract—say, \$4 million for five years. Sutton says now that though a trade in-

of Garvey vs. Sutton, felt free at last to be their testy selves. "I'm sick and tired of his act," said Catcher Joe Ferguson of Sutton's holdout. "I have been for 10 years, and he knows it." Sutton, much amused, turned the tables on Ferguson only a short time later when the catcher asked to be traded. "I'm sick and tired of your act," he told Ferguson.

Sutton did report to Vero Beach that year, and all he did during the season was win 13 games and lose only five while leading the National League with a 2.21

ERA. But the Dodgers didn't retain their rights to him in the free-agent draft that November and, after some flirtation with George Steinbrenner and a parting shot at the Dodgers for not practicing what they preach about family togetherness, Sutton signed with the Astros for a reported \$3.15 million over four years (with the team having the option to renew after the third year). Nevertheless, it was a wrenching experience, leaving the only major league organization he had ever known. It was even tougher on his family, he concedes, because the Dodgers have always been kind to women and children. "I think if Putti and the kids [Darin, 12, and Staci, 8] had had their way, they would have signed on for another year with the Dodgers and let me go to Houston."

That, as a matter of fact, is nearly what happened. The Sutton marriage had been on rocky ground for some time. Putti is an

emotional, outgoing person who requires a certain amount of attention. Sutton, a stoic Southerner for all of his Southern California affability, is more closed, guarded. From childhood he has been an organized, goal-directed person. Everything had its place—job, family, religion. The sensitivity he now so openly expresses was submerged. Even his old friends on the Dodgers found Sutton to be a piece of work. "I don't know that anybody here was ever that close to Don," says Ron Cey, "but then I could say the same thing about myself. So much of our lives is public, you keep certain parts private. One moment you feel you know and understand Don, the next you don't." Says Hooton, "Don has

*continued*



Even at age 16, Sutton was training to get to the majors.

trigued him, he basically wanted to finish out his career with the team he had always played for, setting team records that might never be matched, having his uniform number retired and being fêted at a night in his honor, as Drysdale had been before him. He knew that it means more to be honored by a team with such a rich history than by one deficient in tradition.

But the Dodgers held fast to an offer of two years at \$500,000 per. Baseball is still a business, and Sutton was 35, as used as his old Chevy. (Garvey, ironically, finds himself in a similar situation this year as his contract expires.) Miffed, Sutton reported late to spring training in 1980, a holdout of sorts. This created more unrest among players who, partly because

about as complex a personality as anyone I've ever met. He's a very generous individual who'll talk to anyone while the rest of us just say 'Hi' and keep going. At the same time, he's an extremely competitive person."

Days at the Sutton household began with Don closing Patu off by reading the newspaper at the breakfast table. His life apart from her on the road had always created problems. There was talk of other women. Patu admitted in a recent interview with *PROPER* magazine that she had had misgivings from the very moment of their wedding on Oct. 11, 1968. She had been raised in comfortable affluence in Southern California; he had risen from

any afternoon in early June, the Suttons discussed their near breakup over lunch in the kitchenette of their fine home in the hills above Laguna Beach. "Most of us are used to receiving, receiving all the time," Sutton said of professional athletes. "Everything is done for us. We're not used to giving at all. There's a constant sponge effect. Our priorities get way out of whack. We tend to forget that other people also need some emotional strokes. Everyone needs to feel the space they occupy is important."

Patu Sutton, a small, lively woman, smart and talented, is two years younger than her husband. She decorated the interior of their home so that it resembles an 18th century French country house. But saving their marriage was her most important project. "I was convinced it was all over," she said. Don moved out of the Calabasas home for a month. They sought counseling, but that didn't seem to work. Then the minister of their non-denominational church, the Rev. Tim Timmons, convinced them that their problems were hardly insurmountable. "We finally concluded," Sutton said, "that marriages don't just happen, they have to be worked on. We decided to work." He put down his morning paper and started to open up. She practiced patience. "Now," she says, "the marriage is the best it's ever been. We've given ourselves and the children a far greater sense of security."

The decision to purchase the new home in Laguna Hills was part of the recovery. While she decorated the interior, he designed the yard, drawing with a stick in the dirt where he wanted the garden, the pool. They moved in last September. Shortly thereafter, on Oct. 2, Sutton's right kneecap was shattered by a Jerry Reuss pitch. "Some people will do anything to get out of moving," he quipped. But now they've got their

dream home. "We had two nice houses in two nice neighborhoods," says Sutton. "but this is home. For the first time since I left Pensacola, I have someplace I can really look forward to coming home to."

As admirable as this sentiment surely is, it has brought on yet another crisis. Sutton visited Dallas when he was 12, and almost wistfully he has yearned to live there ever since. It was a sort of fantasy for him. The Astros obviously gave him a chance to realize his unusual aspiration, and, after he signed, the Suttons did look at homes in the Dallas area. But a fantasy realized can leave a strange vacancy in the soul. The Suttons didn't find what they wanted in Dallas. They took the Laguna Hills house instead, committing themselves to Southern California.

Unfortunately, Sutton had already talked too much about his affection for the Lone Star state. The style there, he had said, was better suited to an old country boy, even one who after 15 years of life in Los Angeles had developed a taste for the symphony, good books and fine wine. That said, he established a permanent home in Southern California. It wasn't that he was disillusioned with Texas; it was just that the Suttons had found their dream home. And now, for the first time, Sutton was placing top priority on his wife and children. Last November, he dropped in to see Astro President Al Rosen, and what he had to say left Rosen flabbergasted. Eleven months after he had signed his long-term contract with Houston, Sutton wanted to be traded to the California Angels.

"I was shocked, to say the least," says Rosen. "When he first came to Houston, Don seemed exceedingly happy. We thought we could win at all this year. And Don was to be an important cog. I just couldn't understand it. Oh, I fully understand Don's motivation. With the career he's had, he should be able to live where he wants to. The trouble is that a career in the game precludes that. He made his choice, after all. I just couldn't give that request credence. We're not about to trade a Don Sutton—a guy who can win 300 games and make the Hall of Fame. We're a corporation and we have stockholders to answer to. And with the amount of money we paid Don... well, I thought I made my point cogently."

Rosen hadn't counted on Sutton's stubborn streak. Sutton let his first request sink in, reasoning that Rosen

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Rookie Sutton was 12-12 for the NL champion Dodgers in 1966.

tenant farmboy to glamorous major league star. When he told her on one of their first dates that he played for the Dodgers, she answered brightly, "Oh, yes, I've seen the lights [of Dodger Stadium] from the freeway." She was afraid she had married a stranger. He, like many a man before him, couldn't seem to figure out just what it was women really wanted. Didn't she have everything—money, kids, a nice home?

And there was the not inconsiderable matter of the athlete's psyche. On a sun-



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would obviously need time to make the necessary arrangements. Then, after two months had passed, he again appeared in the front office to emphasize the seriousness of the situation. In the meantime, he had said on radio in Southern California that he would certainly like to be playing for somebody closer to home—like the Angels. This brought a reprimand from the Commissioner's office. The Houston papers had gotten hold of the story, and when Rosen at first denied that there was any problem, the papers got on him. Rosen was embarrassed. Also adamant. "Yes, I was angry," he says now. "Don and I got to jabbing at each other in the press. I didn't think this was something for public consumption, but after Don went on the radio..."

The Houston fans were also outraged. Sutton seemed to be a spoiled millionaire who was taking his money and running. Sutton said he was willing to return his \$500,000 signing bonus if the Astros would kindly return him to Orange County. At the same time, he said he loved pitching in the Astrodome, with its dead air and long fences—"a forgiving ball park"—and that his new teammates were the nicest guys he'd ever played with or against. "Now, if we could just take the Astrodome and the Astros and move them to San Juan Capistrano, I'd be happy," he said. "I say San Juan Capistrano because it's close to my house but far enough away so I wouldn't get all

the traffic. And I could just drop the kids off at school on my way to the park."

Having recovered from his knee injury, Sutton lost his first start of the season to the Braves in Atlanta. He was booed—"mercilessly," says *The Houston Post's* Kenny Hurd—in his first start in the Dome. But he won. In fact, he won seven games in a row, and the booing stopped. Rosen was relieved. "I never want to see a player looked on with disfavor, and I said all along that Don would start his 35 games, win 18 and come in with an ERA of two and a half." At week's end, Sutton was 8-4, with an ERA of 3.16. "I'd like to win 300 games, get 3,000 strikeouts and be voted into the Hall of Fame," he says. "Those goals keep me going. They mean a lot to me. But after this season my family and I are going to see if my personal and professional goals are compatible. If we decide that our best interests would be served by my not playing any longer, then that's it. After all these years, I'm getting a little tired of raising my kids over the telephone."

In the meantime, he rolls on, accumulating numbers. After he passed Young on the strikeout list, he sat down for breakfast the next morning at Houston's Shamrock Hilton. He opened his newspaper at the table. "Let's see what the Astros did last night," he said. They had lost 5-4, in 10 innings, Sutton leaving with a 3-2 lead after the seventh when his injured knee tightened up on him. "Oops,

this is the sort of thing that used to drive Patti nuts. Reading the paper. Actually, she always had my undivided attention. It just didn't look that way with the paper stuck in my face." He examined his strikeout total—seven—and set the paper aside. "It's not the numbers that count, it's the people involved. It's the names of the people who have occupied the spots I'm now reaching—Koufax, Drysdale, Cy Young, Cy Young." He shook his curly head. "They named a pretty important award after that man."

Children were playing by the massive hotel pool, Sutton watched them through the coffee-shop window. "You know, what I do for a living isn't that big a deal. That I can do it is the big deal. I'd like to keep doing it as long as I can meet my own standards. But there are bigger things. I run everything through the filter system of my Christian beliefs, but I do believe in having fun. You see a lot of Christians running around in sackcloth and ashes, not having any fun at all. I like to have a few beers with the guys. I love good California wines, particularly the Cabernets—Stags Leap, Sterling Vineyards. When I was with the Dodgers, we had tickets to the L.A. Philharmonic. A perfect weekend for me would be spent listening to Jerry Jeff Walker down at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood on Friday, then taking in the symphony at the Music Center on Saturday. Both Pat and I read a lot. We like to have pizzas with the kids on Sunday nights. We like to go out to eat at fine restaurants."

He sat back in his chair. "When I die, I'd like people to say of me that he was an honest man we could count on, who left a positive influence on his family, friends and profession. After people have forgotten what team I played for, I hope they remember me as someone who strived to be consistent and dependable."

He would have a last word, too, for those who make snap judgments about people as complicated as he. "You know, there are people who insist on deciding who and what we are with less information than they use to buy a loaf of bread." He smiled as he got up from the table. "It's not really that complicated. What I am is pretty evident, no matter what people say. I'm the stubbornest person I know. And for all the rest of it, I've never been anything but a semipolished hack. Maybe that's the best kind of hack. Maybe that's the best kind of polish." **END**



Like his mentor, Drysdale, Sutton will go from the mound to the table for his next career.



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# Yesterday

by RICHARD SASSAMAN

## PSST! DIDJA KNOW THAT TOM EDISON STAGED ILLEGAL FIGHTS FOR FLICKS?

Boxing is ideally suited for filming. There are only two participants and they interact in a small space. These considerations weren't lost on Thomas Edison when he and his laboratory staff in West Orange, N.J., were developing the pioneering motion picture camera, the strip kinetograph, in the early 1890s. They produced the world's first film in 1894, despite the limitations of the camera and the fact that at the time boxing was illegal in New Jersey as well as almost everywhere else in the U.S.

Edison worked with William Dickson, the lab's chief photographer, in developing the strip kinetograph, the first camera that could record motion. The two required a studio for filming, so Dickson had a 25-by-30-foot black tar-paper shack built next to the lab.

"We were looking for service, not art," Edison wrote later about his shack, which became known as the "Black Maria," the world's first building erected expressly as a movie studio. The roof opened, and the entire building was placed on pivots to follow the sun's light for natural illumination.

Next came the problem of what to film. "We needed to make our arrangement of scenes just as obvious and simple as possible," Edison wrote, "[for audiences] hadn't been trained to visualize more than one thought at a time." One short film showed a man sneezing. Eventually, wrestlers, fencers, acrobats, performing bears, the exotic dancer Carmenita and strongman Eugene Sandow performed before Edison's camera.

But more compelling attractions were needed if the cinema was, as one Edison biographer wrote, "to offer the poor man an effective substitute for the saloon." Boxing came to the rescue. On June 15, 1894, two 130-pound fighters from Brooklyn, Michael Leonard and Jack Cushing, went to West Orange to fight six one-minute rounds in a 12-foot square ring set up in the Black Maria.

Because boxing was banned, secrecy was required, and some newspaper ac-

counts later claimed that at the time of the filming Edison was in the mountains in northern New Jersey checking on his iron ore separating plants. The New York World of June 16, however, reported that the excited inventor was at ringside. "Mr. Edison tossed his long locks out of his eyes and imitated every movement of the fighters," the account related.

There were problems with filming the fight. One was the camera, which held only about one minute of film and required seven minutes for changing reels. Thus "rounds" lasted roughly one minute each, instead of three, and the long rest periods made it seem to those at the studio that there were six short and separate bouts instead of one long one. Leonard knocked out Cushing in the sixth—surprise!—and afterward told *The World* he would have hit Cushing harder, faster and more often, but Edison had been good to him, and he didn't want to move so quickly that the camera couldn't follow him.

The film was viewed through a Kinetoscope, a device that had a rapidly rotating shutter to give the illusion of motion, but each machine could only hold

the film of one round. Thus, six Kinetoscopes were lined up in a row to show the whole fight, and each round cost the viewer a nickel. The machines were set up in franchised parlors, which were eventually located in all major U.S. cities. But the fight-film trade wasn't good. One theory was that viewers were skipping the first five rounds, and only paying their nickels to watch the sixth. Another held that nobody was particularly interested in two little-known boxers from Brooklyn. (A maximum of six rounds was set because it was felt that in any case viewers wouldn't pay more than 30¢ to see a filmed fight.)

Edison, looking for something that would bring in more business, negotiated with theatrical producer William Brady for permission to film a bout featuring Jim Corbett, the handsome heavyweight champion then performing in his play *Gentleman Jack*. Brady had brought Corbett, a former bank clerk who officially had an 11-0-2 record, to New York from San Francisco to box between acts and thus live up a dull play called *After Dark*. Corbett had become famous after he defeated John L. Sullivan in the 21st round in New Orleans on Sept. 7, 1892 and was crowned world champion in the first title bout fought under Marquis of Queensberry rules and with five-ounce gloves. This was the first year that fights conducted under those rules were legal in Louisiana.

Brady, ever the promoter, thought a movie fight starring Corbett would provide publicity for the play, and he fell in with Edison's plan. Gentleman Jim's opponent would be Peter Courtney of Trenton, N.J., who is reported to have lasted four rounds with the formidable Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons. Corbett received \$4,750 and Courtney \$250 for the fight. Corbett's pay was probably well deserved because he had a national reputation as a boxer and his name brought throngs into the parlors to view the fight. It was, after all, the first motion picture of a major boxing event.

The movie bout was held two years to the day after Corbett's title fight. An excellent account of the occasion appeared the next day in the New York Sun, whose unnamed reporter followed Corbett from 8:15 a.m., when the boxer appeared at a Hudson River ferry terminal in Manhattan bound for New Jersey, until he returned to New York. Natively attired in a

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checked suit, straw hat and diamond-studded necktie, Gentleman Jim carried a cane and wore three gold rings set with diamonds and rubies on the little finger of his right hand.

A policeman stopped to greet Corbett and ask what he was up to. The champion, aware that boxing was illegal, smiled and said, "I'm just taking a little run out into the country, and my friends here are going along, too, to see I don't get lost."

The Sun reporter found Courtney "a rather tough-looking citizen, with a bull neck, big shoulders, immense hands and the proverbial thin legs." But Courtney's suit was "ill-fitting," and the brim of his straw hat "looked as if it had been doing business with a poll parrot."

"I ain't no spring chicken," Courtney said, "and I don't think this here champion will have such a picnic with me as he thinks."

This time the Edison ring was 14 feet square, with two sides roped. The other two were the padded walls of the building. Corbett weighed 195 pounds, five

more than Courtney. Just before noon, the fight was started by referee John Eckhardt, and at :50 of the sixth round—the first five ran 1:16, 1:24, 1:12, 1:29 and 1:23 seconds, the uneven timing being a consequence of the irregularities in the filming—Corbett knocked out Courtney. Corbett caught the 2 p.m. train and then the ferry, and made it back to New York in plenty of time for the 8 p.m. curtain of Gentleman Jack.

One Edison biographer, who errs by saying an hour was required to change film between the rounds, tells an entertaining but unverified tale about an X marked on the ring, which Dickson supposedly told Corbett to be sure he was standing near while delivering his knock-out punch. "Otherwise you won't be in focus," Dickson was quoted as saying.

In the sixth round, Corbett is said to have nailed Courtney with a left, then a right which so stunned Courtney that he staggered to the champion's corner. As Courtney shook his head, trying to regain his senses, the spectators began scream-

ing at him, "You're out of focus!" One is said to have pushed Courtney back toward the X, where, as Edison looked on laughing, another Corbett right finished the fight for good.

Then the law stepped in. Two days after the fight, the front page of the Sunday New York Times reported that a Judge Dupue of the Newark Circuit Court had instructed a grand jury to investigate the bout, and that Corbett might be indicted because "Prize fighting of all kinds, even glove contests and stage exhibitions, are tabooed in this country."

Edison was subpoenaed as well, along with Dickson, but on Sept. 12 he told reporters that he hadn't been present at the fight, that he didn't understand a boxing match had been scheduled and that "I should certainly not permit any fight to a finish in my place under any consideration." This audacious denial apparently sufficed, and all charges were dropped.

And shady business proved to be good business. The film was popular then and is prized by collectors now. **END**

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"There was a touch of sharp fear also. How far down into that lapping, bottle-green water could I see? Fifty feet, a hundred? Those white and fibrous ghosts of ancient spruces that the refracted light made shift and roll, how deep were they? And what could live under the ledges, in the gouged-out caverns of the underwater cliff that fell away close to vertically? What aqueous horror, unknown to biologists, would slide from its lair?

"Until now I had waded across a broad, knee-deep shelf. But here the drop-off was almost immediate. I had a couple of feet standing room at the most.

"The vertigo, the chill of fear had gone. All there was in front of me was deep water with some dead trees and rocks in it. I swung the spoon back over my shoulder, flipped it out, let it sink a touch and started a slow, fluttering retrieve. It must have traveled two-thirds of the way home when it was hit with a violence that made my fantasy thin-blooded."

Where is this from? Saga? Soldier of Fortune? True Detective? Raiders of the Lost Ark? No! It's from Clive Gammon's "Bonnie Prince of the Flies", about the high adventure of fly-fishing for Balmoral trout, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where romance and magic take our stories far beyond the realm of scoreboards and statistics.

# Sports Illustrated

America's Sports Newsweekly

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 28-July 4

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

**BOXING**—AARON PRYOR retained his WBA junior welterweight title with a sixth-round TKO of Aldo Rueda in Cincinnati.

**KIM CHUL HO** retained his WBC super flyweight title after a 15-round draw with Ral Valdez in Taejeon, South Korea.

**CRAW**—At the 14th Merley Royal Regatta in England, LEANDER AND LONDON ROWING CLUB won the Grand Challenge Cup for rowing in the two American ovens, Yale and California, failed to advance to the final. American ovens were the CHARLES RIVER ROWING ASSOCIATION in the Thames Challenge Cup and BOSTON UNIVERSITY in a women's coxed four exhibition.

**GOLF**—TOM WEISKOPF shot a course-record 12-under-par 276 to win the \$150,000 Western Open in Oak Brook, Ill. He beat Larry Nelson by one stroke.

SANORA HAYNE fired an eight-under-par 280 to beat Beth Daniel by a stroke and won her second straight LPGA tournament, the \$200,000 Peter Jackson Classic in Toronto.

**HARNESS RACING**—PIT BOY (3), driven by Jim Deberry, beat McKisco Alambert by five lengths to win the \$150,000 New Jersey Classic at the Meadowlands. The 3-year-old paced the mile in 1:34.

**HORSE RACING**—SILVER BUCK (3), owned by Donald MacKenzie, won the 116th Kentucky Derby at Belmont. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:59.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—BOBBY ALLISON, in a Buick, beat Bill Elliott, in a Ford, by half a car length to win the inaugural Cleveland 500 (open-wheel) race for Indy-car fans. Rahal averaged 101.234 mph around the 2.48-mile circuit, staged on the runways of Cleveland's Burke Lakefront Airport.

DIDER PRIONI won the Dutch Grand Prix in a Ferrari, 21.8 seconds ahead of Nelson Piquet, in a Brabham. Piquet averaged 105.185 mph for 72 laps of the 2.64-mile Zandvoort circuit.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**FRAN HUGHES**  
Miller Place, N.Y.

Brim, a recent graduate of Point Branch High, led the Panther wrestling team to three straight undefeated seasons while averaging an 83-0-0 record. In the last three years he won state championships in the 98-, 105- and 112-pound classes.



**AL SPOTTS**  
West Orange, N.J.

Spotts, 40, an insurance agent, rolled 248, 257 and then back-to-back 300 games to win the 12th annual Limpus Open in Reading. His four-game total of 1,105 was a Berks County record and officially the fifth-highest total score ever achieved.



**BRIAN CRANE**  
York, Pa.

Antoinette, 6, led the Orange Blossoms to a 7-0 record and first place in the San Diego United's spring beginners' soccer league. As a forward for half of each game, she scored 38 goals, as a goalie the other half, she was never scored upon.



**ANTOINETTE MURZE**  
San Diego

Antoinette, 6, led the Orange Blossoms to a 7-0 record and first place in the San Diego United's spring beginners' soccer league. As a forward for half of each game, she scored 38 goals, as a goalie the other half, she was never scored upon.



**HELEN STEPHENS**  
Florence, Ala.

Stephens, 64, gold medalist in the women's 100-meter dash at the 1936 Olympics, won six events in the 60-64 age group at the Senior Olympics in St. Louis, including the 200 (1:35.45), the long jump (18'3 1/2") and the shotput (36'2 1/2").



**VINCENT COLEMAN**  
Tallahassee

Coleman, a senior center-forward at Florida A&M, scored seven baskets against Alabama State to equal the NCAA single-game record. He led Division I in 1981 with 65 steals in 66 games and was twice an all-conference player in football.

As coach of the Chicago Bulls, PAUL WESTHEAD, 43, who led the Los Angeles Lakers to the 1980 NBA title but was fired early last season.

As North Texas State's fourth football coach in five years, CORKY NELSON, 43, defensive coordinator at Baylor for the past eight seasons.

As coach and general manager of the San Francisco Bay Area franchise of the NFL, JOHN RAALSTON, 35, former Denver Broncos head coach.

TRADE: By the Minnesota Twins, infielder LARRY MILLSBURN, 31, to the Cleveland Indians for outfielder LARRY LITTLETON, 28, by the Atlanta Braves, pitcher LARRY McWILLIAMS, 28, to the Pittsburgh Pirates for pitcher PASCUAL PEREZ, 25, and a player to be named later.

By the Dallas Mavericks, center WAYNE COOPER, 25, and a 1985 first-round draft choice to the Portland Trail Blazers for guard KELVIN HANSEY, 24, and a 1982 second-round draft pick to the Milwaukee Bucks for forward PAT CUMMINGS, 26, by the New Jersey Nets, guard RAY WILLIAMS, 27, to the Kansas City Kings for guard PHIL FORD, 26, and a 1983 second-round draft choice to the Golden State Warriors for center WAYNE SAPFLETTING, 31, by the San Diego Clippers, forward JIM BRYANT, 27, and a 1982 second-round pick to the Houston Rockets for a 1982 second-round choice.

By the San Diego Sockers, forward MIKE STOLANOWICZ, 34, to the San Jose Earthquakes for an undrafted draft choice and future considerations.

DIED JOHN EUGL 61, head basketball coach at Penn State from 1955 through 1968, after a long illness, in State College. Pa. Under Egl's tutelage, Penn State had a 107-135 record.

RAY SCARBOROUGH, 64, special assignment scout for the Milwaukee Brewers and pitcher with three major league teams from 1942 through 1953, of a heart attack at his home in Mount Olive, N.C.

### CREDITS

4—Fright Wagon, 10—Illustration by Sam D. Vukobratovic  
23—Terry Duffy (top right) 24—Ronald C. Moore (top) James Drake 26—Duke (top) Moore 28—Duke (top) Harris (top) 31—Moore 32—Duffy and Michael 33—Larry Wachter 34—Viktor (top) 35—Honey Rube 36—AP 38—APC 39—Honeyday (bottom) Richard J. Patrick

## How to catch a thief.

It's a lot like catching a weasel. They're very sneaky. The trick is, you can't catch 'em if you don't see 'em. So how do you see 'em?

Start looking. See, you and your neighbors should watch out for each other. And when you see something suspicious, call the cops, fast. So the cops can act. Fast.

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## 19TH HOLE

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

### U.S. OPEN

Sir:

There is only one adjective to describe the photographs (*A 1,000 to 1 Shot*, June 28) taken by Richard Mackson of Tom Watson's chip shot on the 17th hole at Pebble Beach unbelievable!

I can't remember a more exciting U.S. Open than this year's Watson-Nicklaus showdown. SI has come through once again with outstanding coverage by Dan Jenkins, and even more outstanding pictures.

STEVE DAVIS  
Gladwyne, Pa.

Sir:

I don't know which was more unbelievable, Tom Watson's chip or Richard Mackson's photo sequence. I thought Watson was alone in expecting the ball to drop, but fortunately Mackson foresaw that possibility. Thanks for capturing and preserving one of the greatest Open shots ever.

KEN NUMEROSKI  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

I was delighted with the way you showed us what "sports" really means—two talented, classy gentlemen, Watson and Nicklaus, going head-to-head, and deciding matters the way that Watson did on the 71st hole of the Open.

PAUL DEFILOFFO  
Northampton, Mass.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins' article on the Open did a great disservice to Larry Rinker. According to an Orlando Sentinel article of June 20, by Larry Guest, Rinker didn't say that he was combating Open pressure with the illusion that "this is just another tournament." A friend had given Rinker a copy of Richard Bach's book *Illusions*, which is somewhat akin to Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

Larry Rinker is from a fine golfing family in Stuart, Fla. His brother Lee recently won the Florida State Amateur championship, and his sister Laurie won the 1980 U.S. Junior title. Rinker finished tied for 15th in the Open, and had this to say: "It felt great to finish birdie-par-par. I felt the heat coming down on the 18th hole. This was a step in the right direction for me. You need positive steps to reach success, and putting four good rounds together for my first good tournament was a positive step."

The reference to his "blind mate" and the statement that "his name actually was Laura

Rinker" were unprofessional, and unbecoming to a writer of Dan Jenkins' stature.

MARCY HISCOX  
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

### BARBARIANS

Sir:

I read with considerable regret your tongue-in-cheek expose on Peter and David Paul (*Honor the Barbarians*, June 28). I can't believe that your otherwise excellent magazine could tarnish eight pages with a recounting of the antics of these two clowns.

Their behavior is deplorable and, of course, not typical of any bodybuilder. Your article may set bodybuilding back 50 years. I have been a bodybuilder for 21 years, and I love the sport and admire strength and muscle. You have done a disservice to a grand sport.

MARCEL GUERRELL  
Margate, Fla.

Sir:

"Nobody has ever combined the two disciplines of bodybuilding and powerlifting before, and the simple effrontery of the idea has rained goodness to a high plane." So said Bob Ottum in his article about Peter and David Paul. I disagree. Many powerlifters have won physique titles, and although you may quibble about the differences between powerlifting and Olympic lifting, Tommy Kono was a world and Olympic champion in weightlifting and also a world talent in bodybuilding.

WINSTON TERRICK  
New York City

### MISSOURI RIVERS

Sir:

I have shared the experiences of Bill Gilbert in canoeing on the Current River (*Streams of Controversies*, June 28). I have also canoeed on many of Wisconsin's beautiful lakes and rivers, but none, in my opinion, is as much fun as the Current River.

There is only one thing I have to complain about—the jet boats. As our party passed the Blue Spring, a jet boat carrying three obviously drunk adults flew by, splashing us spray all over our canoes. The jet-boaters laughed as our canoes almost tipped over. But the most sickening sight was a trail of oil that the jet boat left behind on the ice-blue water.

I'm afraid if Missouri's citizens don't attack this problem, they won't have to worry about having too many canoes on their waters.

CHAD DUBS  
Warren, Wis.

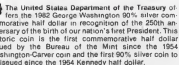
### COLLEGE WORLD SERIES

Sir:

First, let me begin by saying that I thoroughly enjoy reading *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

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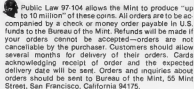
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## 18TH HOLE continued

each week, particularly your outstanding coverage of baseball. However, I must make a complaint.

In your June 21 issue a SCORECARD item said I "had suggested this West Coast baseball was so strong that four teams from that part of the country, 'not just two,' should have been allowed to compete in Omaha" in the recent College World Series. This isn't true.

I realize you were trying to make a point about Eastern baseball with Maine's success in the series. And certainly I'm not trying to take any credit away from them. But I also do not want to be misrepresented in a national magazine.

Again, I want to emphasize how much I enjoy your publication. Everyone makes mistakes. We certainly proved that in Omaha!

MARK MARQUESS  
Head Baseball Coach  
Stanford University  
Stanford, Calif.

## WIMBLEDON Sir,

The "triffling from a combined Harvard-Yale young team" to which you refer in your article on the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club (A Club Like No Other, June 21) is actually the 1982 U.S. Prentice Cup team, which will compete against a combined Oxford-Cambridge team on Aug. 6 in the biennial Prentice Cup Matches.

Considering their accomplishments on and off the court, the members of this and previous Prentice Cup teams might take issue with your terminology. For example, two of the more recent American participants (Matt Doyle and Cary Leeds) competed at Wimbledon last year and Leeds reached the semifinals of the mixed doubles. Both Donald Dell, whom you mention for other endeavors, and Gene Scott, as members of Prentice Cup teams, ultimately went on to represent the U.S. in Davis Cup competition.

The Prentice Cup match, which was first played in 1921, is the oldest international intercollegiate tennis rivalry in the world. In this era of increasing commercialism in the game of tennis, this competition stands out as an example of how amateur tennis can and does prosper in the U.S. and Britain. We are indeed grateful to the All England Club for its support of the Prentice Cup over the years, and particularly to Sir Brian Burdett and Chris Gorrage, who bring to our event the same enthusiasm and interest that have enabled them to sustain Wimbledon as the finest tournament in the world.

MICHAEL C. BROOKS  
Chairman, U.S. Prentice Cup Committee  
New York City

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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